

Sign The *Ankhus*
BEAUTIES of STERNE;

including all his

Pathetic Tales,

& most distinguished

OBSERVATIONS on LIFE.

Selected for the Heart of

Sensibility.

*Dear Sensibility! source inexhausted of all that's precious in
our Joys, or costly in our sorrows! thou chainest thy Martyr down
upon his bed of straw! — and 'tis thou who lifts him up to Heaven!
— Eternal fountain of our feelings! 'tis here I trace thee!.*

S. JOURNEY. R. 228.

THE SEVENTH EDITION,

with considerable Additions.



G. O. N. D. O. N.

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Price Half a Crown Sewed

DEPARTMENT OF STEAM

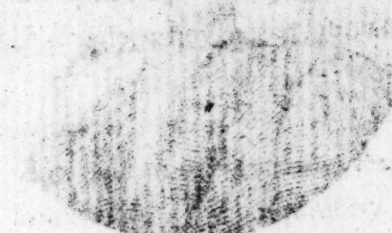
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TO HIS

IMPERIAL MAJESTY
JOSEPH THE SECOND,
EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

S I R,

WHEN I compiled this little volume from the writings of one of the first ornaments of Britain and of human genius, I did not look out long for a protector for the inestimable treasure. To whom, said all the powers of Feeling, kindling within me—To whom should these pages that breathe the spirit of humanity in such a supereminent degree be addressed, but to that illustrious Monarch whose benignity and unparalelled philanthropy has given a charm to every enlightened quarter of the universe!

When your Majesty retires from the busy scenes of Royalty, to commune with nature and

b

her

her eminent works, of which study your distinguished actions speak you an admirable proficient, this volume will prove itself an entertaining and excellent companion.

I rejoice in this opportunity of testifying my respect for such transcendent goodness! and believe me to be with the most profound zeal,

Sir,

Your Majesty's most Obedient,
London, and most Devoted,

Feb. 13, 1782.

Humble Servant,

W. H.

PREFACE.

P R E F A C E.

A SELECTION of the Beauties of *Sterne* is what has been looked for by a number of his admirers for some time; well knowing they would form such a Volume as perhaps this, nor any other language, could equal. Indeed it was highly necessary on a particular score to make this selection: the *chaste* lovers of literature were not only deprived themselves of the pleasure and instruction so conspicuous in this magnificent assemblage of Genius, but their rising offspring, whose minds it would polish to the highest perfection were prevented from tasting the enjoyment likewise. The *chaste* part of the world complained so loudly of the obscenity which taints the writings of *Sterne*, (and indeed, with some reason), that those readers under their immediate inspection were not suffered to penetrate beyond the title-page of his *Tristram Shandy*;—his *Sentimental Journey*, in some degree, escaped the general censure; though that is not intirely free of the fault complained of

To accommodate those who are strangers to the first of these works, I have, (I hope with some degree of judgment), extracted the most distinguished passages on which the sun of Genius shines so resplendent, that all his competitors, in his manner of writing, are lost in an eclipse of affectation and unnatural rhapsody. I intended to have arranged them alphabetically, till I found the stories of *Le Fever*, the *Monk*, and *Maria*, would be too closely connected for the *feeling reader*, and would wound the bosom of *sensibility* too deeply: I therefore placed them at a proper distance from each other.—I need not explain my motive for introducing the Sermon on the abuses of Conscience, with the effusions of humanity throughout it; every parent and governor, I believe, (unless a bigotted Papist), will thank me.—I wish I could infuse the pleasure that attended me in compiling this little work, into the breast of the Reader, yet unacquainted with *Sterne*—as it is, I promise him, the hours he may devote to this great master of nature and the passions, will be marked with more felicity, than any, since genius led him to the love of letters.

The Author's opinion of many parts of the *sacred writings* may with truth be applied to
a great

P R E F A C E.

5

a great part of his own, that there is to be found in them, “ Sublime and noble passages, “ which, by the rules of sound criticism and “ reason, may be demonstrated to be truly elo- “ quent and beautiful.

“ There is something in them so thoroughly “ affecting, and so noble and sublime withal “ that one might challenge the writings of the “ most celebrated orators of antiquity to pro- “ duce any thing like them.”

Before I conclude, I cannot help observing with an excellent writer, that, “ there are “ minds upon which the rays of fancy may be “ pointed without effect, and which no fire of “ sentiment can agitate, or exalt.”—May such minds never violate the *Beauties of Sterne*; but let them be, while the virtues find sanctuary in the hearts of the amiable—their amusement only.

W. H.

ADVERTISEMENT.

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2. second of these is the fact that the
3. third of these is the fact that the
4. fourth of these is the fact that the
5. fifth of these is the fact that the

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TO THE THIRD EDITION.

THE readers of this and the former editions will perceive the publisher not behind hand in the gratitude he owes them:—he has added to this edition above forty pages of new matter, which will be found equally worthy of their patronage and attention. Sensible, at the same time, how pleasing it would be to the lovers of fine writing to have a well engraved likeness of such an illustrious promoter of virtue, humanity, and that rapturous amusement that is ever entertaining and ever new, he has procured one from the hand of that ingenious artist, Mr. Trotter, which he believes will give general satisfaction.—He has not now a doubt remaining but this selection will place his gratitude for the countenance with which his readers have honoured him, in the most pleasing and conspicuous point of view: and that it will, every hour, like the returning light of Heaven, dispel the mists of error and insensibility from the soul, and illuminate the glorious prospect of virtue and humanity to be the chief admiration of mankind.

March 30, 1782.

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TO THE SEVENTH EDITION.

THE admirers of Sterne are as numerous as the Editor judged when he sat down to select his Beauties. Seven large Editions have now passed the Press, which, in so short a time, is a striking test of its superior excellence over every other selection of prose beauties extant.

Two pleasing Epitaphs from the Annual-Register, are introduced into *this* Edition, which, with the pieces prefixed to the former Editions, are the best poetic productions that have yet appeared in praise of this favourite Author.

December 1, 1782.

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THE
L I F E
O F
M R. S T E R N E,

Principally extracted from a more extensive one,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

THE Author of the annexed pages of superlative genius was born at *Clonmel* in the south of *Ireland*, *November* the 24th, 1713; his father was a lieutenant in *Handaside's* regiment, and grandson to *Dr. Richard Sterne*, Archbishop of *York*, who died in 1683. Our Author was born a few days after his father and mother's arrival from *Dunkirk*.—His birth-day, he tells us, “was ominous to his poor father, who was, the day after his arrival, with many other brave officers broke, and sent adrift into the wide world with a wife and two children.” On his father's being disbanded he removed to his family

mily seat at *Elvington*, near *York*, where his mother resided. Here they sojourned for ten months, when the regiment was established, and they all repaired to *Dublin*.—Within a month of their arrival, his father was ordered to *Exeter*, to which place they all followed him. In about a year after we find them in *Dublin* again. Here his father seemed to entertain some hopes of residing some time, for he took a large house, furnished it, and in a year and half's time spent a great deal of money.

In 1719 the regiment was ordered, with many others, to the Isle of *Wight*, in order to embark for *Spain* in the *Vigo* expedition. Our Author's mother, sister, and himself, remained at the Isle of *Wight* during the *Vigo* expedition, and until the regiment had got back to *Wicklow* in *Ireland*, from whence his father sent for them. They embarked for *Dublin*, and had all been cast away by a most violent storm; but through the intercessions of his mother, the captain was prevailed upon to turn back into *Wales*, where they stayed a month, and at length got into *Dublin*, and travelled by land to *Wicklow*, where his father had for some weeks given them over for lost. They lived in the barracks at *Wicklow*, one year,
(one

(one thousand seven hundred and twenty) from thence they decamped to stay half a year with Mr. *Fetherstone*, a clergyman, about seven miles from *Wicklow*, who being a relation of Mrs. *Sterne's*, invited them to his parsonage at *Animo*.—It was in this parish during their stay, that our author had that wonderful escape in falling through a mill-race whilst the mill was going; and of being taken up unhurt—the story is incredible, but known for truth in all that part of *Ireland*—where hundreds of the common people flocked to see him.—From hence they followed the regiment to *Dublin*, where they lay in the barracks a year: in which year, 1721, our author learned to write, &c.—The next year the regiment was ordered to *Carrickfergus*, in the north of *Ireland*; but when they arrived at *Drogheda*, in their route, they were ordered to *Mullingar*, where by Providence they stumbled upon a kind relation, a collateral decendant from Archbishop *Sterne*, who took them all to his castle, and entertained them with cordial hospitality for a year—and sent them to the regiment at *Carrickfergus*, loaded with kindnesses. Some short time after our author's father got leave of his Colonel to fix him at school—which he did near *Hallifax*, in *Yorkshire*, with an able master; with whom

he staid some time, till by God's care of him his cousin *Sterne*, of *Elvington*, became a father to him, and sent him to the university, &c.

Our Author remained at *Hallifax* till about the latter end of the year 1731. Here he takes occasion to mention the following anecdote of himself, and schoolmaster——“ The ceiling of the
“ school-room was new white-washed——the
“ ladder remained there—I one unlucky day
“ mounted it, and wrote with a brush in large
“ capital letters, LAUR. STERNE, for which
“ the usher severely whipped me. My master
“ was much hurt at this, and said, before me,
“ that never should that name be affixed, for I
“ was a boy of genius, and he was sure I should
“ come to preferment—this expression made
“ me forget the stripes I had received.”

In the year 1732 his cousin sent him to the university. He was admitted of *Jesus College*, in the university of *Cambridge*, 6th of July, 1733, under the tuition of Mr. *Cannon*.—Matriculated 29th March, 1735. Admitted to the degree of B. A. in January, 1736.—M. A. at the commencement, 1740.—From the university he removed to *York*. His uncle *Jaques Sterne*, LL.D. who

who was prebendary of *Durham*, &c. &c. &c. got him the living of *Sutton*. At *York* he became acquainted with Mrs. *Sterne*, who thought herself at that time not rich enough, or our author too poor to agree to a union. Some time after, she fell into a consumption—and one evening when he was sitting by her with an almost broken heart, she said, “My dear *Lawry*, I can never be yours, for I verily believe I have not long to live—but I have left you every shilling of my fortune;”—upon that she shewed him her will—which generosity, he says, overpowered him.

She recovered, and they were married 1741. His uncle got him the prebendary of *York*; and through his wife’s interest he got the living of *Stillington*. He resided at *Sutton* near twenty years, doing duty at both places

In the year 1760, he took a house at *York*, and immediately after came to *London* to publish his two first volumes of *Shandy*: which volumes were published the year before at *York*. In 1760 Lord *Falconbridge* presented him with the curacy of *Coxwold*. In 1762 he went to *France*, and his family followed him. In two

years after he went to *Italy* for the recovery of his health, and returned in *May 1766*—He left *York* about the latter end of the year 1767, and came to *London* to publish the *Sentimental Journey*, which he had written the summer before at his favourite living of *Coxwold*. His health had been for some time declining, but he continued to visit his friends, and retained his wonted flow of Spirits. In *February, 1768*, he perceived the approaches of death, and after a short struggle with his disorder, his debilitated and worn out frame submitted to fate on the 18th day of *March 1768*, at his lodgings in *Bond-Street*, and was buried in the most private manner the 22d of the same month.—Those who can take the same delight in visiting his grave that he took in visiting his amiable Monk's, and who are fond of that

Sad luxury ! to vulgar souls unknown !

will find the spot that encloses his hallowed remains, in the new* burying-ground, belonging to the parish of *St. George, Hanover-square* — At the head of his grave is the following

* *St. George's-Row, Hyde-Park.*

EPITAPH.

EPI T A P H.

NEAR TO THIS PLACE

LIES THE BODY OF THE
REVEREND LAURENCE STERNE, A.M.*Died September 13th, 1768*,*

AGED 53 YEARS.

Ah! molliter ossa quiescant.

If a sound head, warm heart, and breast humane,]
 Unfulled worth, and soul without a stain;
 If mental powers could ever justly claim
 The well-won tribute of immortal fame,
Sterne was the man, who with gigantic stride,
 Mowed down luxuriant follies far and wide!
 Yet what, though keenest knowledge of mankind
 Unseal'd to him the springs that move the mind;
 What did it boot him? ridicul'd, abus'd,
 By fools insulted, and by prudes accus'd.]
 In his, mild reader, view thy future fate,
 Like him despise, what 'twere a sin to hate.

This monumental stone was erected by two
 brother masons; for although he did not live to
 be a member of their society, yet as is all-in-
 comparable performances evidently prove him
 to have acted by rule and square, they rejoice

* *This date is erroneous.*

in this opportunity of perpetuating his high and irreproachable character to after ages.

W. and S.

EPITAPH,

BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

Shall Pride a heap of sculptur'd marble raise,
Some worthless, unmourn'd titled fool to praise;
And shall we not by one poor grave-stone learn
Where genius, wit, and humour, sleep with *Sterne*?

I know it is, and has been a practice, since the foundation of letters, to introduce an eulogium on a favourite author's writings, in his life; but *Sterne* is one of the few *English* writers who saves his biographer that trouble, for, however high his flight of panegyric might soar, he could only say what is already written in the hearts of thousands in the world of feeling and sensibility.

IN MEMORY OF

MR. STERNE,

Author of the Sentimental Journey.

WITH wit, and genuine humour to dispel,
 From the desponding bosom gloomy care,
 And bid the gushing tear, at the sad tale
 Of hapless love or filial grief, to flow
 From the full sympathising heart were thine,
 These powers, Oh *Sterne!* but now thy fate de-
 mands
 (No plumage nodding o'er the emblazon'd hearth
 Proclaiming honour where no virtue shone)
 But the sad tribute of a heart-felt sigh :
 What though no taper cast its deadly ray
 Nor the full choir sing requiems o'er thy tomb,
 The humbler grief of friendship is not mute ;
 And poor *Maria* with her faithful kid,
 Her auburn tresses carelessly entwin'd
 With olive foliage, at the close of day,
 Shall chaunt her plaintive vespers at thy grave.
 Thy shade too, gentle Monk, mid awful night,
 Shall pour libations from its friendly eye ;
 For'erst his sweet benevolence bestow'd
 Its generous pity, and bedew'd with tears
 The sod, which rested on thy aged breast.

A Character,

A Character, and Eulogium of STERNE, and his Writings; in a familiar Epistle from a Gentleman in Ireland to his Friend.—Written in the Year 1769.

WHAT trifle comes next?—Spare the
 censure, my friend,
 This Letter's no more from beginning to end;
 Yet, when you consider (your laughter, pray stifle)
 The advantage, the importance, the use of a trifle—
 When you think too beside—and there's nothing
 more clear——

That pence compose millions, and moments the
 year,

You surely will grant me, nor think that I jest,
 That life's but a series of trifles at best.

How wildly degressive! yet could I, O *Sterne**,
 Digress with thy skill, with thy freedom return!

The

* The late Reverend *Laurence Sterne*, A. M. &c. author of that truly original, humorous, heteroclite work, called *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, of a Sentimental Journey through France and Italy*, (which, alas! he did not live to finish) and of some volumes of *Sermons*. Of his skill in delineating and supporting his characters, those of the father of his hero, of his uncle *Toby*, and of Corporal *Trim* (out of numberless others) afford ample proof:

The vain wish I repress—Poor YORICK! no more
Shall thy mirth and thy jests, “set the board on
a roar;”

No more thy sad tale, with simplicity told,
O’er each feeling breast its strong influence hold,

proof: To his power in the pathetic, whoever shall read the stories of *Le Fever*, *Maria*, the *Monk*, and the *dead Ass*, must, if he has feelings, bear sufficient testimony: And his Sermons throughout (though sometimes, perhaps, chargeable with a levity not entirely becoming the pulpit) breathe the kindest spirit of *philanthropy* of good will towards man. For the few exceptional parts of his works, those small blemishes

*Quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura—*

suffer them, kind critic, to rest with his ashes!

The above eulogium will, I doubt not, appear to you (and perhaps also to many others) much too high for the literary character of STERNE; I have not at present either leisure or inclination to enter into argument upon the question; but in truth I considered myself as largely his debtor for the tears and the laughter he so frequently excited, and was desirous to leave behind me (for so long at least as this trifle shall remain) some small memorial of my gratitude: I will even add, that although I regard the memory of *Shakespeare* with a veneration little short of idolatry, I esteem the *Monk’s horn box* a relick “as devoutly to be wished” as a pipe-stopper, a walking-stick, or even an ink-stand of the *mulberry-tree*.

From

From the wise and the brave call forth sympathy's sigh,

Or swell with sweet anguish humanity's eye :
Here and there in the page if a blemish appear,
(And what page, or what life from a blemish is clear?)

TRIM and TOBY with soft intercession attend ;

LE FEVER, intreats you to pardon his friend :

MARIA too pleads for her favourite distress'd,
As you feel for her sorrows, O grant her request !
Should these advocates fail, I've another to call,
One tear of his MONK shall obliterate all.

Favour'd pupil of Nature and Fancy, of yore,
Whom from Humour's embrace sweet Philanthropy bore,

While the Graces and Loves scatter flowers on
thy urn,

And wit weeps the blossom too hastily torn ;
This meed too, kind Spirit, unoffended receive
From a youth next to *Shakespeare's* who honours
thy grave !

AN EPITAPH,
FOR THE
REV. LAURENCE STERNE'S
TOMB-STONE.

BY A LADY.

STERNE, rest for ever, and no longer fear
The critic's censure, or the coxcomb's sneer.
The gate of Envy now is clos'd on thee,
And Fame her hundred doors shall open free;
Ages unborn shall celebrate the page,
Where friendly join the satirist and sage;
O'er Yorick's tomb the brightest eyes shall weep,
And British genius mournful vigils keep;
Then sighing, say, to vindicate thy fame,
"Great were his faults, but glorious was his flame!"

ON THE SAME.

YORICK, farewell! peace dwell around thy stone;
Accept this tribute from a friend unknown.
In human breasts, while pity has a claim,
Le Fever's story shall enhance thy fame;
Toby's benevolence each heart expand,
And faithful Trim confess the master's hand.
"One generous tear unto the Monk you gave;
"Oh, let me weed this *Nettle* from thy grave."
The

ADVERTISEMENT:

IT is necessary to acquaint the Reader, that the references in this volume are marked from the last elegant *London* edition of Mr. *Sterne's* works in ten volumes. Price two Guineas.

T H E

BEAUTIES OF STERNE.

THE PRECEPTOR.

YOU see 'tis high time, said my father, addressing himself equally to my uncle *Toby* and *Yorick*, to take this young creature out of these women's hands, and put him into those of a private governor.

Now as I consider the person who is to be about my son, as the mirror in which he is to view himself from morning to night, and by which he is to adjust his looks, his carriage, and perhaps the inmost sentiments of his heart ;—I would have one, *Yorick*, if possible, polished at all points, fit for my child to look into.

There is, continued my father, a certain mien and motion of the body and all its parts, both in acting and speaking, which argues a man *well*

B

within.

within. There are a thousand unnoticed openings, continued my father, which let a penetrating eye at once into a man's soul; and I maintain it, added he, that a man of sense does not lay down his hat in coming into a room,—or take it up in going out of it, but something escapes, which discovers him.

I will have him, continued my father, cheerful, faceté, jovial; at the same time, prudent, attentive to business, vigilant, acute, argute, inventive, quick in resolving doubts and speculative questions;—he shall be wise and judicious, and learned:—And why not humble, and moderate, and gentle tempered, and good? said *Yorick*;—And why not, cried my uncle *Toby*, free, and generous, and bountiful, and brave?—He shall, my dear *Toby*, replied my father, getting up and shaking him by his hand.—Then, brother *Shandy*, answered my uncle *Toby*, raising himself off the chair, and laying down his pipe to take hold of my father's other hand,—I humbly beg I may recommend poor *Le Fever's* son to you;—a tear of joy of the first water sparkled in my uncle *Toby's* eye,—and another, the fellow to it, in the Corporal's, as the proposition was made;—you will see why when you read *Le Fever's* story.

THE
STORY OF LE FEVER.

IT was some time in the summer of that year in which *Dendermond* was taken by the Allies ; when my uncle *Toby* was one evening getting his supper, with *Trim* sitting behind him at a small sideboard,—I say sitting—for in consideration of the Corporal's lame knee (which sometimes gave him exquisite pain)—when my uncle *Toby* dined or supped alone he would never suffer the Corporal to stand ; and the poor fellow's veneration for his master was such, that with a proper artillery, my uncle *Toby* could have taken *Dendermond* itself, with less trouble than he was able to gain this point over him ; for many a time when my uncle *Toby* supposed the Corporal's leg was at rest, he would look back, and detect him standing behind him with the most dutiful respect: this bred more little squabbles betwixt them, than all other causes for five-and-twenty years together—But this is neither here nor there—why do I mention it ?—Ask my pen,—it governs me,—I govern not it.

He was one evening sitting thus at his supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack; 'Tis for a poor gentleman,—I think of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing, till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast,—“*I think,*” says he, taking his hand from his forehead, “*it would comfort me.*”——

—If I could neither beg, borrow, or buy such a thing,—added the landlord,—I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill.—I hope in God he will still mend, continued he,—we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle *Toby*; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself,—and take a couple of bottles with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good.

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle *Toby*, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow—*Trim*,—yet I cannot help entertaining

taining a high opinion of his guest too ; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host ;—And of his whole family, added the Corporal, for they are all concerned for him.—Step after him, said my uncle *Toby*,—do *Trim*, and ask if he knows his name.

—I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the Corporal,—but I can ask his son again :—Has he a son with him then ? said my uncle *Toby*.—A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age ;—but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father ; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day :—He has not stirred from the bed-side these two days.

My uncle *Toby* laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account ; and *Trim*, without being ordered, took away, without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

Trim ! said my uncle *Toby*, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself

up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman.—Your honour's roquelaure, replied the Corporal, has not once been had on, since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of *St. Nicholas*;—and besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, it will be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin. I fear so, replied my uncle *Toby*; but I am not at rest in my mind, *Trim*, since the account the landlord has given me.—I wish I had not known so much of this affair,—added my uncle *Toby*,—or that I had known more of it:—How shall we manage it? Leave it, an't please your honour, to me, quoth the Corporal;—I'll take my hat and stick and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.—Thou shalt go, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant.—I shall get it all out of him said the Corporal, shutting the door.

It was not till my uncle *Toby* had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that Corporal *Trim* returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

I despaired

I despaired, at first, said the Corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick Lieutenant—Is he in the army, then? said my uncle *Toby*—He is, said the Corporal—And in what regiment? said my uncle *Toby*—I'll tell your honour, replied the Corporal, every thing straight forwards, as I learnt it.—Then, *Trim*, I will fill another pipe, said my uncle *Toby*, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, *Trim*, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again. The Corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it—*Your honour is good*:—And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered,—and began the story to my uncle *Toby* over again in pretty near the same words.

I despaired at first, said the Corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour, about the Lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked,—That's a right distinction, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*—I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him;—that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose,

suppose, the regiment), he had dismissed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man,—we can hire horses from hence.—But alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me,—for I heard the death-watch all night long;—and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the Corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of;—but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth.—Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it.—I believe, Sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself.—I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.—The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears.—Poor youth! said my uncle *Toby*,—he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, *Trim*, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend;—I wish I had him here:

—I never

—I never in the longest march, said the Corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company:—What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour? Nothing in the world, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, blowing his nose,—but that thou art a good natured fellow.

When I gave him the toast, continued the Corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain *Shandy's* servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father;—and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar—(And thou might'st have added my purse too, said my uncle *Toby*,)—he was heartily welcome to it:—He made a very low bow, which (was meant to your honour), but no answer,—for his heart was full—so he went up stairs with the toast;—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again.—Mr. *Yorick's* curate was smoaking a pipe by the kitchen fire,—but said not a word good or bad to comfort the youth.—I thought it wrong; added the Corporal—I think so too, said my uncle *Toby*.

When the Lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent
down

down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs.—I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers,—for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side, and as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion.—

I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. *Trim*, never said your prayers at all.—I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you sure of it, replied the curate.—A foldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson ;—and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God, of any one in the whole world.—'Twas well said of thee, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*.—But when a foldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water,—or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches ; harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day ;—harassing others to-morrow ;—detached here ;—countermanded there ;—resting this night out upon his arms ;—beat up
in

in his shirt the next ;—benumbed in his joints ;
—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on ;
—must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can.—
I believe, said I,—for I was piqued, quoth the
Corporal, for the reputation of the army, I believe
an' please your reverence, said I, that when a
soldier gets time to pray,—he prays as heartily
as a parson,—though not with all his fuss and
hypocrisy.—Thou shouldst not have said that,
Trim, said my uncle *Toby*,—for God only knows
who is a hypocrite, and who is not :—At the
great and general review of us all, Corporal, at
the day of judgment, (and not till then)—it will
be seen who has done their duties in this world,
—and who has not ; and we shall be advanced,
Trim, accordingly.—I hope we shall, said *Trim*.
—It is in the Scripture, said my uncle *Toby* ; and
I will shew it thee to-morrow :—In the mean
time we may depend upon it, *Trim*, for our com-
fort, said my uncle *Toby*, that God Almighty is
so good and just a governor of the world, that if
we have but done our duties in it,—it will never
be enquired into, whether we have done them in
a red coat or a black one :—I hope not ; said the
Corporal—But go on, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*,
with the story.

When

When I went up, continued the Corporal, into the Lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes,—he was lying in his bed, with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambrick handkerchief beside it:—The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling,—the book was laid upon the bed,—and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time. Let it remain there, my dear, said the Lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bed-side: If you are Captain *Shandy's* servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me;—if he was of *Levens's*—said the Lieutenant.—I told him your honour was—Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in *Flanders*, and remember him,—but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.—You will tell him, however, that the person his good nature has laid under obligations to him, is one *Le Fever*, a Lieutenant in *Angus's*—but he knows me not,—said he
a second

a second time, musing;—possibly he may my story—added he—pray tell the Captain, I was the Ensign at *Breda*, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.—I remember the story, an't please your honour, said I, very well.—Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I.—In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kifs'd it twice—Here, *Billy*, said he,—the boy flew across the room to the bed-side,—and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kifs'd it too,—then kifs'd his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I wish, said my uncle *Toby*, with a deep sigh,—I wish, *Trim*, I was asleep.

Your honour, replied the Corporal, is too much concerned;—shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe?—Do, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*.

I remember, said my uncle *Toby*, sighing again, the story of the Ensign and his wife,—and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account

or other, (I forget what,) was universally pitied by the whole regiment;—but finish the story thou art upon :—’Tis finished already, said the Corporal,—for I could stay no longer,—so wished his honour a good night; young *Le Fever* rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me, they had come from *Ireland*, and were on their route to join the regiment in *Flanders*.—But alas! said the Corporal,—the Lieutenant’s last day’s march is over.—Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle *Toby*.

It was to my uncle *Toby*’s eternal honour, that he set aside every other concern, and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor Lieutenant and his son.

That kind BEING, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompence thee for this.

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle *Toby* to the Corporal, as he was putting him to bed,—and I will tell thee in what, *Trim*—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to *Le Fever*,—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor Lieutenant,

Lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay,—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, *Trim*, he had been as welcome to it as myself.—Your honour knows, said the Corporal, I had no orders;—True, quoth my uncle *Toby*,—thou didst very right, *Trim*, as a soldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle *Toby*,—when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house,—thou shouldst have offered him my house too:—A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, *Trim*, and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him:—Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, *Trim*, and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.——

—In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle *Toby*, smiling,—he might march.—He will never march, an't please your honour, in this world, said the Corporal:—He will march; said my uncle *Toby*, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off:—An't please your honour, said the Corporal, he

will never march, but to his grave:—He shall march; cried my uncle *Toby*, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he shall march to his regiment.—He cannot stand it, said the Corporal;—He shall be supported, said my uncle *Toby*;—He'll drop at last, said the Corporal, and what will become of his boy?—He shall not drop, said my uncle *Toby*, firmly.—A-well-o'day,—do what we can for him, said *Trim*, maintaining his point,—the poor soul will die:—He shall not die, by G—, cried my uncle *Toby*.

—The ACCUSING SPIRIT, which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blush'd as he gave it in;—and the RECORDING ANGEL, as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

—— My uncle *Toby* went to his bureau,—put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the Corporal to go early in the morning for a physician,—he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but *Le Fever's* and his afflicted son's; the hand of death press'd heavy upon
his

his eye-lids,—and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle,—when my uncle *Toby*, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the Lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bed-side, and independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him :—and without giving him time to answer any one of the enquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the Corporal the night before for him.——

—You shall go home directly, *Le Fever*, said my uncle *Toby*, to my house,—and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary,—and the Corporal shall be your nurse ;—and I'll be your servant, *Le Fever*.

There was a frankness in my uncle *Toby*,—not the *effect* of familiarity,—but the *cause* of it,—which let you at once into his soul,—and shewed you the goodness of his nature ; to this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner,

superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and to take shelter under him; so that before my uncle *Toby* had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.—The blood and spirits of *Le Fever*, which were waxing cold and flow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart,—rallied back,—the film forsook his eyes for a moment,—he looked up wishfully in my uncle *Toby's* face,—then cast a look upon his boy,—and that *ligament*, fine as it was,—was never broken.—

Nature instantly ebb'd again,—the film returned to its place,—the pulse fluttered—stopp'd—went on—throbb'd—stopp'd again—moved—stopp'd—shall I go on?—No.

All that is necessary to be added is as follows—

That my uncle *Toby*, with young *Le Fever* in his hand, attended the poor Lieutenant, as chief mourners, to his grave.

When my uncle *Toby* had turned every thing into money, and settled all accounts betwixt the
agent

agent of the regiment and *Le Fever*, and betwixt *Le Fever* and all mankind,—there remained nothing more in my uncle *Toby's* hands, than an old regimental coat and a sword; so that my uncle *Toby*, found little or no opposition from the world in taking administration. The coat my uncle *Toby* gave the Corporal;—Wear it, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, as long as it will hold together, for the sake of the poor Lieutenant—And this, said my uncle *Toby*, taking up the sword in his hand, and drawing it out of the scabbard as he spoke—and this, *Le Fever*, I'll save for thee—'tis all the fortune, continued my uncle *Toby*, hanging it up upon a crook, and pointing to it,—'tis all the fortune, my dear *Le Fever*, which God has left thee; but if he has given thee a heart to fight thy way with it in the world,—and thou doest it like a man of honour,—'tis enough for us.

As soon as my uncle *Toby* had laid a foundation, he sent him to a public school, where, excepting Whitsuntide and Christmas, at which times the Corporal was punctually dispatched for him,—he remained to the spring of the year, seventeen; when the stories of the Emperor's sending his army into Hungary against the Turks, kindling a spark of fire in his bosom, he left his Greek and Latin without

without leave, and throwing himself upon his knees before my uncle *Toby*, begged his father's sword, and my uncle *Toby's* leave along with it, to go and try his fortune under *Eugene*.—Twice did my uncle *Toby* forget his wound, and cry out, *Le Fever!* I will go with thee, and thou shalt fight beside me—And twice he laid his hand upon his groin, and hung down his head in sorrow and disconsolation.—

My uncle *Toby* took down the sword from the crook, where it had hung untouched ever since the Lieutenant's death, and delivered it to the Corporal to brighten up;—and having detained *Le Fever* a single fortnight to equip him, and contract for his passage to *Leghorn*,—he put the sword into his hand,—If thou art brave, *Le Fever*, said my uncle *Toby*, this will not fail thee,—but Fortune, said he, (musing a little)—Fortune may—And if she does,—added my uncle *Toby*, embracing him, come back again to me, *Le Fever*, and we will shape thee another course.

The greatest injury could not have oppressed the heart of *Le Fever*, more than my uncle *Toby's* paternal kindness;—he parted from my uncle *Toby*, as the best of sons from the best of fathers—both dropped tears——and as my uncle *Toby* gave him
his

his last kiss, he slipped sixty guineas, tied up in an old purse of his father's, in which was his mother's ring, into his hand,—and bid God bless him.

Le Fever got up to the Imperial army just time enough to try what metal his sword was made of, at the defeat of the *Turks* before *Belgrade*; but a series of unmerited mischances had pursued him from that moment, and trod close upon his heels for four years together after: he had withstood these buffetings to the last, till sickness overtook him at *Marseilles*, from whence he wrote my uncle *Toby* word, he had lost his time, his services, his health, and, in short, every thing but his sword;—and was waiting for the first ship to return back to him

Le Fever was hourly expected; and was uppermost in my uncle *Toby's* mind all the time my father was giving him and *Yorick* a description of what kind of a person he would choose for a preceptor to me: but as my uncle *Toby* thought my father at first somewhat fanciful in the accomplishments he required, he forebore mentioning *Le Fever's* name,—till the character, by *Yorick's* interposition, ending unexpectedly, in one, who should be gentle tempered, and generous, and good, it impressed

pressed the image of *Le Fever*, and his interest upon my uncle *Toby* so forcibly, he rose instantly off his chair; and laying down his pipe, in order to take hold of both my father's hands—I beg, brother *Shandy*, said my uncle *Toby*, I may recommend poor *Le Fever's* son to you—I beseech you, do, added *Yorick*—He has a good heart, said my uncle *Toby*—And a brave one too, an't please your honour, said the Corporal.

—The best hearts, *Trim*, are ever the bravest, replied my uncle *Toby*.

T. SHANDY, VOL. III. CHAP. 49.

THE PULSE.

PARIS.

HAIL ye small sweet courtesies of life, for smooth do ye make the road of it! like grace and beauty which beget inclinations to love at first sight: 'tis ye who open this door and let the stranger in.

—Pray, Madame, said I, have the goodness to tell me which way I must turn to go to the Opera Comique:—Most willingly, Monsieur, said she, laying aside her work——

I had given a cast with my eye into half a dozen shops as I came along in search of a face not likely to be disordered by such an interruption; till at last, this hitting my fancy, I had walked in.

She was working a pair of ruffles as she sat in a low chair on the far side of the shop facing the door——

—*Tres volontiers*: most willingly, said she, laying her work down upon a chair next her, and rising

rising up from the low chair she was sitting in, with so cheerful a movement and so cheerful a look, that had I been laying out fifty louis d'ors with her, I should have said—"This woman is grateful."

You must turn, Monsieur, said she, going with me to the door of the shop, and pointing the way down the street I was to take—you must turn first to your left hand—*mais prenez garde*—there are two turns; and be so good as to take the second—then go down a little way and you'll see a church, and when you are past it, give yourself the trouble to turn directly to the right, and that will lead you to the foot of the *pont neuf*, which you must cross—and there any one will do himself the pleasure to shew you——

She repeated her instructions three times over to me with the same good-natured patience the third time as the first;—and if *tones and manners* have a meaning, which certainly they have, unless to hearts which shut them out—she seemed really interested, that I should not lose myself.

I will not suppose it was the woman's beauty, notwithstanding she was the handsomest Grisset, I think, I ever saw, which had much to do with the
sense

sense I had of her courtesy; only I remember, when I told her how much I was obliged to her, that I looked very full in her eyes,—and that I repeated my thanks as often as she had done her instructions.

I had not got ten paces from the door, before I found I had forgot every tittle of what she had said—so looking back, and seeing her still standing in the door of the shop as if to look whether I went right or not—I returned back to ask her whether the first turn was to my right or left—for that I had absolutely forgot.—Is it possible? said she, half laughing.—’Tis very possible, replied I, when a man is thinking more of a woman than of her good advice.

As this was the real truth—she took it, as every woman takes a matter of right, with a slight courtesy.

—*Attendez*, said she, laying her hand upon my arm to detain me, whilst she called a lad out of the back-shop to get ready a parcel of gloves. I am just going to send him, said she, with a packet into that quarter, and if you will have the complaisance to step in, it will be ready in a moment, and he shall attend you to the place.—So I walked in with her to the far side of the shop, and taking up

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the

the ruffle in my hand which she laid upon the chair, as if I had a mind to sit, she sat down herself in her low chair, and I instantly sat myself down beside her.

——He will be ready, Monsieur, said she, in a moment——And in that moment, replied I, most willingly would I say something very civil to you for all these courtesies. Any one may do a casual act of good-nature, but a continuation of them shews it is a part of the temperature; and certainly, added I, if it is the same blood which comes from the heart, which descends to the extremes (touching her wrist), I am sure you must have one of the best pulses of any woman in the world——Feel it, said she, holding out her arm. So laying down my hat, I took hold of her fingers in one hand, and applied the two fore-fingers of my other to the artery——

——Would to Heaven! my dear Eugenius, thou hadst passed by, and beheld me sitting in my black coat, and in my lack-a-day-fical manner, counting the throbs of it, one by one, with as much true devotion as if I had been watching the critical ebb or flow of her fever——How wouldst thou have laugh'd and moralized upon my new profession!—

and

and thou shouldst have laugh'd and moralized on —Trust me, my dear Engenius, I should have said, “there are worse occupations in this world *“than feeling a woman's pulse.”* —But a Grisset's! thou wouldst have said——and in an open shop! Yorick——

——So much the better: for when my views are direct, Eugenius, I care not if all the world saw me feel it.

I had counted twenty pulsations, and was going on fast towards the fortieth, when her husband coming unexpected from a back parlour into the shop, put me a little out of my reckoning.—'Twas nobody but her husband, she said,—so I began a fresh score——Monsieur is so good, quoth she, as he pass'd by us, to give himself the trouble of feeling my pulse—The husband took off his hat, and making me a bow, said I did him too much honour—and having said that, he put on his hat and walked out.

Good God! said I to myself, as he went out——and can this man be the husband of this woman?

Let it not torment the few who know what must have been the grounds of this exclamation, if I explain it to those who do not.

In London a shop-keeper and a shop-keeper's wife seem to be one bone and one flesh: in the several endowments of mind and body, sometimes the one, sometimes the other has it, so as in general to be upon a par, and to tally with each other as nearly as man and wife need to do.

In Paris, there are scarce two orders of beings more different: for the legislative and executive powers of the shop not resting in the husband, he seldom comes there—in some dark and dismal room behind, he sits commerceless in his thrum night-cap, the same rough son of Nature that Nature left him.

The genius of a people where nothing but the monarchy is *salique*, having ceded this department, with fundry others, totally to the women—by a continual higgling with customers of all ranks and sizes from morning to night, like so many rough pebbles shook long together in a bag, by amicable collisions they have worn down their asperities and sharp angles, and not only become round and smooth,

smooth, but will receive, some of them, a polish like a brilliant—Monsieur *Le Marli* is little better than the stone under your foot——

—Surely——surely, man! it is not good for thee to sit alone——thou wast made for social intercourse and gentle greetings, and this improvement of our natures from it, I appeal to, as my evidence.

—And how does it beat, Monsieur? said she.—With all the benignity, said I, looking quietly in her eyes, that I expected—She was going to say something civil in return—but the lad came into the shop with the gloves—*A propos*, said I, I want a couple of pair myself.

The beautiful Griffet rose up when I said this, and going behind the counter, reached down a parcel and untied it: I advanced to the side over against her: they were all too large. The beautiful Griffet measured them one by one across my hand—It would not alter the dimensions—She begged I would try a single pair, which seemed to be the least—She held it open—my hand slipped into it at once——It will not do, said I, shaking my head a little—No, said she, doing the same thing.

There are certain combined looks of simple subtlety—where whim, and sense, and seriousness, and nonsense, are so blended, that all the languages of Babel set loose together could not express them—they are communicated and caught so instantaneously, that you can scarce say which party is the infector. I leave it to your men of words to swell pages about it—it is enough in the present to say again, the gloves would not do; so folding our hands within our arms, we both loll'd upon the counter—it was narrow, and there was just room for the parcel to lay between us.

The beautiful Griffet looked sometimes at the gloves, then side-ways to the window, then at the gloves—and then at me. I was not disposed to break silence—I followed her example. So I looked at the gloves, then to the window, then at the gloves, and then at her—and so on alternately.

I found I lost considerably in every attack—she had a quick black eye, and shot through two such long and filken eye-lashes with such penetration, that she looked into my very heart and reins—It may seem strange, but I could actually feel she did—

It is no matter, said I, taking up a couple of the pairs next me, and putting them into my pocket.

I was sensible the beautiful Griffet had not ask'd above a single livre above the price—I wish'd she had ask'd a livre more, and was puzzling my brains how to bring the matter about——Do you think, my dear Sir, said she, mistaking my embarrassment, that I could ask a *sous* too much of a stranger—and of a stranger whose politeness, more than his want of gloves, has done me the honour to lay himself at my mercy?—*M'en croyez capable?*—Faith! not I, said I; and if you were, you are welcome—So counting the money into her hand, and with a lower bow than one generally makes to a shop-keeper's wife, I went out, and her lad with his parcel followed me.

SENT. JOURNEY, PAGE, 95.

THE

THE PIE-MAN.

SEEING a man standing with a basket on the other side of a street, in Versailles, as if he had something to sell, I bid La Fleur go up to him and enquire for the Count de B***'s hotel.

La Fleur returned a little pale: and told me it was a Chevalier de St. Louis selling *patés*—It is impossible, La Fleur! said I.—La Fleur could no more account for the phenomenon than myself; but persisted in his story: he had seen the croix set in gold, with its red ribband, he said, tied to his button-hole—and had looked into his basket and seen the *patés* which the Chevalier was selling; so could not be mistaken in that.

Such a reverse in a man's life awakens a better principle than curiosity: I could not help looking for some time at him as I sat in the *remise*—the more I looked at him, his croix, and his basket, the stronger they wove themselves into my brain—I got out of the *remise*, and went towards him.

He

He was begirt with a clean linen apron which fell below his knees, and with a sort of a bib which went half way up his breast; upon the top of this, but a little below the hem, hung his croix. His basket of little *patés* was covered over with a white damask napkin; another of the same kind was spread at the bottom; and there was a look of *propreté* and neatness throughout; that one might have bought his *patés* of him, as much from appetite as sentiment.

He made an offer of them to neither; but stood still with them at the corner of a hotel, for those to buy who chose it, without solicitation.

He was about forty-eight—of a sedate look, something approaching to gravity. I did not wonder.—I went up rather to the basket than him, and having lifted up the napkin and taken one of his *patés* into my hand—I begg'd he would explain the appearance which affected me.

He told me in a few words, that the best part of his life had passed in the service, in which, after spending a small patrimony, he had obtained a company and the croix with it; but that, at the conclusion of the last peace, his regiment being reformed,

reformed, and the whole corps, with those of some other regiments, left without any provision,—he found himself in a wide world without friends, without a livre—and indeed, said he, without any thing but this—(pointing, as he said it, to his croix)—The poor Chevalier won my pity, and he finished the scene with winning my esteem too.

The king, he said, was the most generous of princes, but his generosity could neither relieve or reward every one, and it was only his misfortune to be amongst the number. He had a little wife, he said, whom he loved, who did the *patisserie*; and added, he felt no dishonour in defending her and himself from want in this way—unless Providence had offered him a better.

It would be wicked to withhold a pleasure from the good, in passing over what happened to this poor Chevalier of St. Louis about nine months after.

It seems he usually took his stand near the iron gates which lead up to the palace, and as his croix had caught the eyes of numbers, numbers had made the same inquiry which I had done—

He

He had told them the same story, and always with so much modesty and good sense, that it had reached at last the King's ears—who hearing the Chevalier had been a gallant officer, and respected by the whole regiment as a man of honour and integrity—he broke up his little trade by a pension of fifteen hundred livres a year.

SENT. JOURNEY, PAGE, 148.

As I have told this to please the reader, I beg he will allow me to relate another, out of its order, to please myself—the two stories reflect light upon each other—and 'tis a pity they should be parted.

THE SWORD.

RENNES.

WHEN states and empires have their periods of declension, and feel in their turns what distress and poverty is—I stop not to tell the causes which gradually brought the house d'E**** in Brittany into decay. The Marquis d'E**** had fought up against his condition with great firmness; wishing to preserve, and still shew to the world, some little fragments of what his ancestors had been—their indiscretions had put it out of his power. There was enough left for the little exigencies of *obscurity*—But he had two boys who looked up to him for *light*—he thought they deserved it. He had tried his sword—it could not open the way—the *mounting* was too expensive—and simple œconomy was not a match for it—there was no resource but commerce.

In any other province in France, save Brittany, this was smiting the root for ever of the little tree his pride and affection wished to see re-blossom—

But

But in Brittany, there being a provision for this, he avail'd himself of it; and taking an occasion when the states were assembled at Rennes, the Marquis, attended with his two boys, entered the court; and having pleaded the right of an ancient law of the duchy, which, though seldom claimed, he said, was no less in force, he took his sword from his side—Here, said he, take it; and be trusty guardians of it, till better times put me in condition to reclaim it.

The president accepted the Marquis's sword—he staid a few minutes to see it deposited in the archives of his house, and departed.

The Marquis and his whole family embarked the next day for Martinico, and in about nineteen or twenty years of successful application to business, with some unlooked for bequests from distant branches of his house—returned home to reclaim his nobility and to support it.

It was an incident of good fortune which will never happen to any traveller, but a sentimental one, that I should be at Rennes at the very time of this solemn requisition: I call it solemn—it was so to me.

E

The

The Marquis entered the court with his whole family : he supported his lady—his eldest son supported his sister, and his youngest was at the other extreme of the line next his mother—he put his handkerchief to his face twice——

——There was a dead silence. When the Marquis had approached within six paces of the tribunal, he gave the Marchioness to his youngest son, and advancing three steps before his family—he reclaimed his sword.—His sword was given him, and the moment he got it into his hand he drew it almost out of the scabbard—'twas the shining face of a friend he had once given up—he looked attentively along it, beginning at the hilt, as if to see whether it was the same—when observing a little rust which it had contracted near the point, he brought it near his eye, and bending his head down over it—I think I saw a tear fall upon the place: I could not be deceived by what followed.

“ I shall find, said he, some *other way*, to get it off.”

When the Marquis had said this, he returned his sword into its scabbard, made a bow to the
the

the guardians of it—and, with his wife and daughter, and his two sons following him, walked out.

O how I envied him his feelings !

S. JOURNEY, PAGE, 153.

THE ASS.

I WAS stopped at the gate of *Lyons* by a poor ass, who had just turned in with a couple of large panniers upon his back, to collect eleemosynary turnip-tops, and cabbage-leaves ; and stood dubious, with his two fore-feet on the inside of the threshold, and with his two hinder feet towards the street, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in, or no.

Now, 'tis an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to strike—there is a patient endurance of sufferings, wrote so unaffectedly in his looks and carriage, which pleads so mightily for him, that it always disarms me ; and to that degree, that I

do not like to speak unkindly to him : on the contrary, meet him where I will—whether in town or country—in cart or under panniers—whether in liberty or bondage—I have ever something civil to say to him on my part ; and as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I)—I generally fall into conversation with him ; and surely never is my imagination so busy, as in framing his responses from the etchings of his countenance—and where those carry me not deep enough—in flying from my own heart into his, and seeing what is natural for an ass to think—as well as a man, upon the occasion.—In truth, it is the only creature of all the classes of beings below me, with whom I can do this :—for parrots, jackdaws, &c. I never exchange a word with them—nor with the apes, &c. for pretty near the same reason ; they act by rote, as the others speak by it, and equally make me silent : nay, my dog and my cat, though I value them both—(and for my dog he would speak if he could)—yet somehow or other, they neither of them possess the talents for conversation—I can make nothing of a discourse with them.

—But with an ass, I can commune for ever. Come, *Honesty* ! said I,—seeing it was impracticable

to pass betwixt him and the gate—art thou for coming in, or going out?

The ass twisted his head round to look up the street—

Well—replied I—we'll wait a minute for thy driver:

—He turned his head thoughtful about, and looked wistfully the opposite way—

I understand thee perfectly, answered I—if thou takest a wrong step in the affair, he will cudgel thee to death—Well! a minute is but a minute, and if it saves a fellow-creature a drubbing, it shall not be set down as ill-spent. He was eating the stem of an artichoeke as this discourse went on, and in the little peevish contentions of nature betwixt hunger and unfavouriness, had dropt it out of his mouth half a dozen times, and picked it up again—God help thee, Jack! said I, thou hast a bitter breakfast on't—and many a bitter day's labour—and many a bitter blow, I fear, for its wages—'tis all—all bitterness to thee, whatever life is to others.

And now thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare say, as foot—(for he had cast aside the stem) and thou hast not a friend perhaps in all this world, that will give thee a macaroon.—In saying this, I pulled out a paper of them, which I had just purchased, and gave him one—and at this moment that I am telling it, my heart smites me, that there was more of pleafantry in the conceit, of seeing how an afs would eat a macaroon—than of benevolence in giving him one, which prefided in the act.

When the afs had eaten his macaroon, I prefed him to come in—the poor beast was heavy loaded—his legs feemed to tremble under him—he hung rather backwards, and as I pulled at his halter, it broke fhort in my hand—he looked up penfive in my face——“Don’t thrash me with it—but if you will, you may”—If I do, faid I, I’ll be d—d. The word was but one half of it pronounced, when a perfon coming in, let fall a thundering bafinado upon the poor devil’s crupper, which put an end to the ceremony. Out upon it! cried I.

TRISTRAM SHANDY, VOL. IV. CHAP. 13.

THE
ABUSES OF CONSCIENCE;
A SERMON.

HEBREWS XIII. 18.

—For we TRUST we have a good Conscience.—

“TRUST!—Trust we have a good conscience!”

[Certainly, *Trim*, quoth my father, interrupting him, you give that sentence a very improper accent; for you curl up your nose, man, and read it with such a sneering tone, as if the Parson was going to abuse the Apostle.

He is, an’ please your honour, replied *Trim*.

Pugh! said my father, smiling.

Sir, quoth Doctor *Slop*, *Trim* is certainly in the right; for the writer (who I perceive is a Protestant) by the snappish manner in which he takes up the apostle, is certainly going to abuse him;—if this treatment of him has not done it already.

But

But from whence, replied my father, have you concluded so soon, Doctor *Slop*, that the writer is of our church?—for aught I can see yet,—he may be of any church—Because, answered Doctor *Slop*, if he was of ours,—he durst no more take such a licence,—than a bear by his beard:—If, in our communion, Sir, a man was to insult an apostle,—a saint,—or even the paring of a saint's nail,—he would have his eyes scratched out.—What, by the saint? quoth my uncle *Toby*. No, replied Doctor *Slop*, he would have an old house over his head. Pray, is the Inquisition an ancient building, answered my uncle *Toby*, or is it a modern one?—I know nothing of architecture, replied Doctor *Slop*.—An' please your honours, quoth *Trim*, the Inquisition is the vilest—Prithee spare thy description, *Trim*, I hate the very name of it, said my father.—No matter for that, answered Doctor *Slop*,—it has its uses; for though I'm no great advocate for it, yet, in such a case as this, he would soon be taught better manners; and I can tell him, if he went on at that rate, would be flung into the Inquisition for his pains. God help him then, quoth my uncle *Toby*. Amen, added *Trim*; for Heaven above knows, I have a poor brother who has been fourteen years a captive in it.—I never heard one word of it before, said my uncle.

uncle *Toby*, hastily :—How came he there, *Trim*?
 —O, Sir! the story will make your heart bleed,
 —as it has made mine a thousand times;—the
 short of the story is this :—That my brother *Tom*
 went over a servant to *Lisbon*,—and married
 a *Jew's* widow, who kept a small shop, and sold
 sausages, which somehow or other, was the cause
 of his being taken in the middle of the night out
 of his bed, where he was lying with his wife and
 two small children, and carried directly to the
 Inquisition, where, God help him, continued *Trim*,
 fetching a sigh from the bottom of his heart,—
 the poor honest lad lies confined at this hour; he
 was as honest a soul, added *Trim*, (pulling out his
 handkerchief) as ever blood warmed.——

—The tears trickled down *Trim's* cheeks faster
 than he could well wipe them away.—A dead
 silence in the room ensued for some minutes.—
 Certain proof of pity! Come *Trim*, quoth my
 father, after he saw the poor fellow's grief had
 got a little vent,—read on,—and put this me-
 lancholy story out of thy head:—I grieve that I
 interrupted thee; but prithee begin the Sermon
 again;—for if the first sentence in it is matter of
 abuse, as thou sayest, I have a great desire to know
 what kind of provocation the apostle has given.

Corporal

Corporal *Trim* wiped his face, and returned his handkerchief into his pocket, and, making a bow as he did it,—he began again.]

THE
ABUSES OF CONSCIENCE;
A SERMON.

HEBREWS XIII. 18.

——For we TRUST we have a good Conscience.——

“ ——TRUST! trust we have a good conscience!
“ Surely if there is any thing in this life which a
“ man may depend upon, and to the knowledge of
“ which he is capable of arriving upon the most in-
“ disputable evidence, it must be this very thing,
“ ——whether he has a good conscience or no.”

[I am positive I am right, quoth Dr. *Slop*.]

“ If a man thinks at all, he cannot well be a
“ stranger to the true state of this account;—he
“ must be privy to his own thoughts and desires;—
“ he must remember his past pursuits, and know
“ certainly the true springs and motives, which, in
“ general, have governed the actions of his life.”

[I defy

[I defy him, without an assistant, quoth Dr. Slop.]

“ In other matters we may be deceived by false
 “ appearances ; and, as the wise man complains,
 “ *hardly do we guess aright at the things that are*
 “ *upon the earth, and with labour do we find the*
 “ *things that are before us.* But here the mind has
 “ all the evidence and facts within herself ;——
 “ is conscious of the web she has wove ;——
 “ knows its texture and fineness, and the exact
 “ share which every passion has had in working
 “ upon the several designs which virtue or vice
 “ has planned before her.”

[The language is good, and I declare *Trim*
 reads very well, quoth my father.]

“ Now,—as conscience is nothing else but the
 “ knowledge which the mind has within herself of
 “ this ; and the judgment, either of approbation or
 “ censure, which it unavoidably makes upon the
 “ successive actions of our lives ; ’tis plain you will
 “ say, from the very terms of the proposition,—
 “ whenever this inward testimony goes against a
 “ man, and he stands self-accused,—that he must
 “ necessarily be a guilty man.——And, on the con-
 “ trary, when the report is favourable on his side,
 and

48 THE BEAUTIES OF STERNE.

“ and his heart condemns him not;—that it is
 “ not a matter of *trust*, as the apostle intimates,
 “ but a matter of *certainly* and fact, that the con-
 “ science is good, and that the man must be good
 “ also.”

[Then the apostle is altogether in the wrong, I suppose, quoth Dr. *Slop*, and the Protestant divine is in the right. Sir, have patience, replied my father, for I think it will presently appear that Saint *Paul* and the Protestant divine are both of an opinion.—As nearly so, quoth Dr. *Slop*, as east is to west;—but this, continued he, lifting both hands, comes from the liberty of the press.

It is no more, at the worst, replied my uncle *Toby*, than the liberty of the pulpit, for it does not appear that the sermon is printed, or ever likely to be.

Go on, *Trim*, quoth my father.]

“ At first sight this may seem to be a true state
 “ of the case; and I make no doubt but the know-
 “ ledge of right and wrong is so truly impressed
 “ upon the mind of man,—that did no such thing
 “ ever happen, as that the conscience of a man, by
 “ long

“ long habits of sin, might (as the scripture assures
“ it may) insensibly become hard ;—and like some
“ tender parts of his body, by much stress and con-
“ tinual hard usage, lose by degrees that nice
“ sense and perception with which God and nature
“ endowed it :—Did this never happen ;—or was
“ it certain that self-love could never hang the
“ least bias upon the judgment ;—or that the little
“ interests below could rise up and perplex the
“ faculties of our upper regions, and encompass
“ them about with clouds and thick darkness :—
“ Could no such thing as favour and affection en-
“ ter this sacred court :—Did Wit disdain to
“ take a bribe in it ;—or was ashamed to show its
“ face as an advocate for an unwarrantable enjoy-
“ ment : Or, lastly, were we assured that INTEREST
“ stood always unconcerned whilst the cause was
“ hearing,—and that Passion never got into the
“ judgment-seat, and pronounced sentence in the
“ stead of Reason, which is supposed always to
“ preceide and determine upon the case :—Was
“ this truly so, as the objection must suppose ;—no
“ doubt then the religious and mortal state of a
“ man would be exactly what he himself esteem-
“ ed it ;—and the guilt or innocence of every
“ man’s life could be known, in general, by no

F

—“ better

“ better measure, than the degrees of his own
 “ approbation and censure.

“ I own, in one case, whenever a man’s con-
 “ science does accuse him (as it seldom errs on that
 “ side) that he is guilty ; and unless in melancholy
 “ and hypocondriac cases, we may safely pronounce
 “ upon it, that there is always sufficient grounds
 “ for the accusation.

“ But the converse of the proposition will not
 “ hold true ;—namely, that whenever there is guilt,
 “ the conscience must accuse ; and if it does not,
 “ that a man is therefore innocent.—This is not
 “ fact—So that the common consolation which
 “ some good christian or other is hourly admini-
 “ stering to himself,—that he thanks God his mind
 “ does not misgive him; and that, consequently,
 “ he has a good conscience, because he has a quiet
 “ one,—is fallacious;—and as current as the in-
 “ ference is, and as infallible as the rule appears at
 “ first sight, yet when you look nearer to it, and
 “ try the truth of this rule upon plain facts,—
 “ you see it liable to so much error from a false ap-
 “ plication ;—the principle upon which it goes so
 “ often perverted ;—the whole force of it lost, and
 “ sometimes so vilely cast away, that it is painful to
 “ produce

“ produce the common examples from human life,
“ which confirm the account.

“ A man shall be vicious and utterly debauched
“ in his principles;—exceptionable in his conduct
“ to the world; shall live shameless, in the open
“ commission of a sin, which no reason or pretence
“ can justify,—a sin by which, contrary to all the
“ workings of humanity, he shall ruin for ever the
“ deluded partner of his guilt;—rob her of her best
“ dowry; and not only cover her own head with
“ dishonour;—but involve a whole virtuous family
“ in shame and sorrow for her sake. Surely, you
“ will think conscience must lead such a man a
“ troublesome life;—he can have no rest night or
“ day from its reproaches.

“ Alas! CONSCIENCE had something else to do
“ all this time, than break in upon him; as *Elijah*
“ reproached the god *Baal*,—this domestic god
“ *was either talking, or pursuing, or was in a jour-*
“ *ney, or peradventure he slept and could not be*
“ *awoke.* Perhaps He was going out in company
“ with HONOUR to fight a duel; to pay off some
“ debt at play;—or dirty annuity, the bargain of
“ his lust; Perhaps CONSCIENCE all this time was
“ engaged at home, talking aloud against petty

“larceny, and executing vengeance upon some
 “such puny crimes as his fortune and rank of life
 “secured him against all temptation of commit-
 “ting; so that he lives as merrily.”——[If he was
 of our church, though, quoth Dr. *Slop*, he could
 not] “——sleeps as soundly in his bed; and at last
 “meets death as unconcernedly;—perhaps much
 “more so, than a much better man.”

All this is impossible with us, quoth Dr. *Slop*,
 turning to my father,—the case could not happen
 in our church——It happens in ours, however,
 replied my father, but too often.——I own quoth
 Dr. *Slop*, (struck a little with my father’s frank ac-
 knowledgment)—that a man in the *Romish* church
 may live as badly;—but then he cannot easily die
 so.——’Tis little matter, replied my father, with
 an air of indifference,—how a rascal dies.—I mean,
 answered Dr. *Slop*, he would be denied the benefits
 of the last sacraments.——Pray how many have you
 in all, said my uncle *Toby*,—for I always forget?
 ——Seven, answered Dr. *Slop*.——Humph!—
 said my uncle *Toby*; though not accented as a note
 of acquiescence,—but as an interjection of that par-
 ticular species of surprise, when a man in looking
 into a drawer, finds more of a thing than he ex-
 pected.——Humph! replied my uncle *Toby*. Dr.
Slop,

Slop, who had an ear, understood my uncle *Toby* as well as if he had wrote a whole volume against the seven sacraments.——Humph! replied Dr. *Slop*, (stating my uncle *Toby*'s argument over again to him)——Why, Sir, are there not seven cardinal virtues?—Seven mortal sins?—Seven golden candlesticks?—Seven heavens?—'Tis more than I know, replied my uncle *Toby*.——Are there not Seven wonders of the world?—Seven days of the creation?—Seven planets?—Seven plagues?——That there are, quoth my father, with a most affected gravity. But prithee, continued he, go on with the rest of thy characters, *Trim*.]

“Another is fordid, unmerciful,” (here *Trim*, waved his right hand) “a strait-hearted, selfish wretch, incapable either of private friendship or public spirit. Take notice how he passes by the widow and orphan in their distreis, and sees all the miseries incident to human life without a sigh or a prayer.” [An't please your honours, cried *Trim*, I think this a viler man than the other.]

“Shall not conscience rise up and sting him on such occasions?——No; thank God, there is no occasion, *I pay every man his own;—I have no fornication to answer to my conscience;—no faith—*
F 3. “*less*

*“ less vows or promises to make up ;——I have de-
“bauched no man’s wife or child ; thank God, I am
“not as other men, adulterers, unjust, or even as
“this libertine, who stands before me. A third is
“crafty and designing in his nature. View his
“whole life,——’tis nothing but a cunning con-
“texture of dark arts and unequitable subterfuges,
“basely to defeat the true intent of all laws,—
“plain-dealing, and the safe enjoyment of our
“several properties.——You will see such a one
“working out a frame of little designs upon the
“ignorance and perplexities of the poor and needy
“man ;—shall raise a fortune upon the inexperi-
“ence of a youth, or the unsuspecting temper of
“his friend, who would have trusted him with
“his life. When old age comes on, and repen-
“tance calls him to look back upon this black ac-
“count, and state it over again with his con-
“science—CONSCIENCE looks into the STATUTES
“at LARGE ;—finds no express law broken by
“what he has done ;—perceives no penalty or
“forfeiture of goods and chattels incurred ;—sees
“no scourge waving over his head, or prison
“opening his gates upon him :—What is there
“to affright his conscience ?—Conscience has got
“safely entrenched behind the Letter of the Law,
“sits there invulnerable, fortified with Cases and
“Reports*

“ Reports so strongly on all sides;—that it is not
 “ preaching can dispossess it of its hold.”

[The character of this last man, said Dr. Slop, interrupting *Trim*, is more detestable than all the rest;—and seems to have been taken from some pertifogging lawyer amongst you:—amongst us, a man’s conscience could not possibly continue so long *blinded*,—three times in a year, at least, he must go to confession. Will that restore it to sight? quoth my uncle *Toby*.—Go on, *Trim*, quoth my father. ’Tis very short, replied *Trim*.—I wish it was longer, quoth my uncle *Toby*, for I like it hugely. —*Trim* went on.]

“ A fourth man shall want even this refuge;
 “ shall break through all the ceremony of
 “ slow chicane;—scorns the doubtful workings
 “ of secret plots and cautious trains to bring a-
 “ bout his purpose:—See the bare-faced vil-
 “ lain, how he cheats, lies, perjures, robs, mur-
 “ ders!—Horrid!—But indeed much better was
 “ not to be expected, in the present case—
 “ the poor man was in the dark!—his Priest
 “ had got the keeping of his conscience;—and
 “ all he would let him know of it, was, That
 “ he

“ he must believe in the Pope ;—go to Mass ;
 “ —cross himself ;—tell his beads ;—be a good
 “ Catholic, and that this, in all conscience, was
 “ enough to carry him to Heaven. What ;—
 “ if he perjures !—Why ;—he had a mental re-
 “ fervation in it.—But if he is so wicked and
 “ abandoned a wretch as you represent him ;
 “ —if he robs,—if he stabs, will not conscience,
 “ on every such act, receive a wound itself ?
 “ —Aye,—but the man has carried it to con-
 “ fession ;—the wound digests there, and will
 “ do well enough, and in a short time be
 “ quite healed up by absolution. O Popery !
 “ what hast thou to answer for ?—When, not
 “ content with the too many natural and fatal
 “ ways, through which the heart of man is
 “ every day thus treacherous to itself above all
 “ things ;—thou hast wilfully set open the wide
 “ gate of deceit before the face of this unwary
 “ traveller, too apt, God knows, to go astray
 “ of himself ; and confidently speak peace to
 “ himself, when there is no peace.

“ Of this the common instances which I have
 “ drawn out of life, are too notorious to re-
 “ quire much evidence. If any man doubts the
 “ reality

" reality of them, or thinks it impossible for a
 " man to be such a bubble to himself,—I must
 " refer him a moment to his own reflections,
 " and will then venture to trust my appeal with
 " his own heart.

" Let him consider in how different a degree
 " of detestation, numbers of wicked actions
 " stand *there*, tho' equally bad and vicious in
 " their own natures ;—he will soon find, that
 " such of them as strong inclination and custom
 " have prompted him to commit, are generally
 " dressed out and painted with all the false
 " beauties, which a soft and a flattering hand
 " can give them ;—and that the others, to
 " which he feels no propensity, appear, at
 " once, naked and deformed, surrounded with
 " all the true circumstances of folly and disho-
 " nour.

" When *David* surpris'd *Saul* sleeping in the
 " cave, and cut of the skirt of his robe—we
 " read his heart smote him for what he had
 " done:—But in the matter of *Uriah*, where a
 " faithful and gallant servant, whom he ought
 " to have loved and honoured, fell to make
 " way for his lust,—where conscience had so
 " much

“ much greater reason to take the alarm, his
 “ heart smote him not. A whole year had al-
 “ most passed from the first commission of that
 “ crime, to the time *Nathan* was sent to re-
 “ prove him; and we read not once of the
 “ least sorrow or compunction of heart which
 “ he testified, during all that time, for what
 “ he had done.

“ Thus conscience, this once able monitor,
 “ —placed on high as a judge within us, and
 “ intended by our Maker as a just and equitable
 “ one too,—by an unhappy train of causes and
 “ impediments, takes often such imperfect cog-
 “ nizance of what passes,—does its office so
 “ negligently,—sometimes so corruptly,—that
 “ it is not to be trusted alone; and therefore
 “ we find there is a necessity, an absolute ne-
 “ cessity of joining another principle with it,
 “ to aid, if not govern, its determinations.

“ So that if you would form a just judgment
 “ of what is of infinite importance to you not
 “ to be missed in,—namely, in what degree
 “ of real merit you stand either as an honest
 “ man, an useful citizen, a faithful subject to
 “ your king, or a good servant to your God,

“ —call

“—call in religion and morality.—Look,
 “ what is written in the law of God?—How
 “ readest thou?—Consult calm reason and the
 “ unchangeable obligations of justice and truth;
 “ —what say they ?

“ Let CONSCIENCE determine the matter
 “ upon these reports;—and then if thy heart
 “ condemns thee not, which is the case the
 “ apostle supposes,—the rule will be infallible,”
 “—[Here Dr. Slop fell asleep]—“ *thou wilt*
 “ *have confidence towards God;—that is, have*
 “ *just grounds to believe the judgment thou*
 “ *hast past upon thyself, is the judgment of*
 “ *God; and nothing else but an anticipation*
 “ *of that righteous sentence, which will be pro-*
 “ *nounced upon thee hereafter by that Being,*
 “ *to whom thou art finally to give an account*
 “ *of thy actions.*

“ *Blessed is the man, indeed, then, as the*
 “ *author of the book of Ecclesiasticus expresses*
 “ *it, who is not pricked with the multitude of*
 “ *his sins : Blessed is the man whose heart hath*
 “ *not condemned him ; whether he be rich, or*
 “ *whether he be poor, if he have a good heart*
 “ *(a heart thus guided and informed) he shall*
 “ *at*

“ *at all times rejoice in a cheerful countenance ;*
 “ *his mind shall tell him more than seven watch-*
 “ *men that sit above upon a tower on high.*

“ —In the darkest doubts it shall conduct
 “ him safer than a thousand casuists, and give
 “ the state he lives in, a better security for
 “ his behaviour than all the causes and re-
 “ strictions put together, which law-makers are
 “ forced to multiply :—*Forced*, as I say, as
 “ things stand ; human laws not being a mat-
 “ ter of original choice, but of pure necessity,
 “ brought in to fence against the mischievous
 “ effects of those consciences which are no law
 “ unto themselves ; well intending, by the
 “ many provisions made,—that in all such cor-
 “ rupt and misguided cases, where principles
 “ and the checks of conscience will not make
 “ us upright,—to supply their force, and, by
 “ the terrors of gaols and halters, oblige us
 “ to it.

[I see plainly, said my father, that this sermon has been composed to be preached at the Temple,—or at some Assize.—I like the reasoning, and am sorry that Dr. Slop, has fallen asleep before the time of his conviction:—for
 it

it is now clear, that the Parson, as I thought at first, never insulted *St. Paul* in the least;—nor has there been, brother, the least difference between them.—A great matter, if they had differed, replied my uncle *Toby*,—the best friends in the world may differ sometimes.—True,—brother *Toby*, quoth my father, shaking hands with him,—we'll fill our pipes, brother, and then *Trim* shall go on.——

He read on as follows,]

“To have the fear of God before our eyes,
 “and, in our mutual dealings with each other,
 “to govern our actions by the eternal mea-
 “sures of right and wrong:—The first of these
 “will comprehend the duties of religion;—the
 “second, those of morality, which are so inse-
 “parably connected together, that you cannot
 “divide these two *tables*, even in imagination,
 “(though the attempt is often made in prac-
 “tice) without breaking and mutually destroy-
 “ing them both.

“I said the attempt is often made; and so
 “it is;—there being nothing more common
 “than to see a man who has no sense at all of

G

“religion

“ religion, and indeed has so much honesty as
 “ to pretend to none, who would take it as the
 “ bitterest affront, should you but hint at a sus-
 “ picion of his moral character,—or imagine he
 “ was not conscientiously just and scrupulous to
 “ the uttermost mite.

“ When there is some appearance that it is
 “ so,—tho’ one is unwilling even to suspect the
 “ appearance of so amiable a virtue as moral
 “ honesty, yet were we to look into the grounds
 “ of it, in the present case, I am persuaded we
 “ should find little reason to envy such a one
 “ the honour of his motive.

“ Let him declaim as pompously as he chooses
 “ upon the subject, it will be found to rest
 “ upon no better foundation than either his in-
 “ terest, his pride, his ease, or some such little
 “ and changeable passion as will give us but small
 “ dependance upon his actions in matters of
 “ great distress,

“ I will illustrate this by an example.

“ I know the banker I deal with, or the phy-
 “ sician I usually call in,”——

[There

[There is no need, cried Dr. Slop, (waking)
to call in any physician in this case]

“ —To be neither of them men of much re-
“ ligious ; I hear them make a jest of it every
“ day, and treat all its sanctions with so much
“ scorn as to put the matter past doubt. Well ;
“ —notwithstanding this, I put my fortune into
“ the hands of the one ;—and what is dearer
“ still to me, I trust my life to the honest skill of
“ the other.

“ Now let me examine what is my reason
“ for this great confidence. Why, in the first
“ place, I believe there is no probability that
“ either of them will employ the power I put
“ into their hands to my disadvantage ;—I con-
“ sider that honesty serves the purposes of this
“ life :—I know their success in the world de-
“ pends upon the fairness of their characters.
“ In a word, I am persuaded that they cannot
“ hurt me without hurting themselves more.

“ But put it otherwise, namely, that interest
“ lay, for once, on the other side : that a case
“ should happen wherein the one, without stain to
“ his reputation, could secrete my fortune, and
“ leave

“ leave me naked in the world;—or that the
 “ other could send me out of it, and enjoy an
 “ estate by my death, without dishonour to
 “ himself or his art :—In this case, what hold
 “ have I of either of them?—Religion, the
 “ strongest of all motives, is out of the question;
 “ —Interest, the next most powerful motive in
 “ the world, is strongly against me :—What
 “ have I left to cast into the opposite scale to
 “ balance this temptation?—Alas ! I have no-
 “ thing,—but what is lighter than a bubble—I
 “ mustlye at the mercy of HONOUR, or some such
 “ capricious principle—Strait security for two
 “ of the most valuable blessings !— my property
 “ and myself.

“ As, therefore, we can have no dependance up-
 “ on morality without religion;—so, on the other
 “ hand, there is nothing better to be expected
 “ from religion without morality; nevertheless,
 “ ’tis no prodigy to see a man whose real moral
 “ character stands very low, who yet entertains
 “ the highest notion of himself, in the light of
 “ a religious man.

“ He shall not only be covetous, revengeful,
 “ implacable,—but even wanting in points of
 common

“common honesty; yet inasmuch as he talks
 “aloud against the infidelity of the age,—is
 “zealous for some points of religion,—goes
 “twice a-day to church,—attends the sacra-
 “ments,—and amuses himself with a few in-
 “strumental parts of religion,—shall cheat
 “his conscience into a judgment, that, for this,
 “he is a religious man, and has discharged truly
 “his duty to God: And you will find that such
 “a man, through force of this delusion, ge-
 “nerally looks down with spiritual pride upon
 “every other man who has less affectation of
 “piety,—though, perhaps, ten times more real
 “honesty than himself.

“*This likewise is a sore evil under the sun:*
 “and, I believe, there is no one mistaken prin-
 “ciple, which for its time, has wrought more
 “serious mischiefs.

“——For a general proof of this,—exa-
 “mine the history of the *Romish* church;”—

[Well what can you make of that? cried Dr.
Slop.]—“see what scenes of cruelty, murder,
 “rapine, bloodshed,”—[They may thank their
 own obstinacy, cried Dr. *Slop.*]—“have all

“ been sanctified by a religion not strictly governed by morality.

“ In how many kingdoms of the world has
 “ the crusading sword of this misguided saint-
 “ errant, spared neither age or merit, or sex,
 “ or condition?—and, as he fought under the
 “ banners of a religion which set him loose
 “ from justice and humanity, he shewed none;
 “ mercilessly trampled upon both,—heard nei-
 “ ther the cries of the unfortunate, nor pitied
 “ their distresses.”

[I have been in many a battle, an't please your honour, quoth *Trim*, fighting, but never in so melancholy a one as this.—I would not have drawn a tricker in it against these poor souls,—to have been made a general officer.—Why? what do you understand of the affair? said Dr. *Slop*, looking towards *Trim*, with something more of contempt than the Corporal's honest heart deserved.—What do you know, friend, about this battle you talk of?—I know, replied *Trim*, that I never refused quarter in my life to any man who cried out for it;—but to a woman, or a child, continued *Trim*, before I would level my musket at them, I would lose

lose my life a thousand times.—Here's a crown for thee, *Trim*, to drink with *Obadiah* to-night, quoth my uncle *Toby*,—God bless your honour, replied *Trim*,—I had rather these poor women and children had it.—Thou art an honest fellow, quoth my uncle *Toby*.—My father nodded his head,—as much as to say,—and so he is.—

But prithee, *Trim*, said my father, make an end, for I see thou hast but a leaf or two left.

Corporal *Trim* read on.]

“ If the testimony of past centuries in this
 “ matter is not sufficient,—consider at this in-
 “ stant, how the votaries of that religion are
 “ every day thinking to do service and honour
 “ to God, by actions which are a dishonour and
 “ scandal to themselves. •

“ To be convinced of this, go with me for
 “ a moment into the prisons of the Inquisition.”
 —[God help my poor brother *Tom*].—“ Behold
 “ Religion, with *Mercy* and *Justice* chained
 “ down under her feet,—there sitting ghastly
 “ upon a black tribunal, propped up with racks
 “ and instruments of torment. Hark!—hark!
 “ what

“ what a piteous groan ! ” — [Here *Trim*’s face
 turned as pale as ashes] — “ See the melancholy
 “ wretch who uttered it ” — [Here the tears
 began to trickle down.] — “ just brought forth
 “ to undergo the anguish of a mock trial, and
 “ endure the utmost pains that a studied system
 “ of cruelty has been able to invent. ” — [D—n
 them all, quoth *Trim*, his colour returning into
 his face as red as blood.] — “ Behold this helpless
 “ victim delivered up to his tormentors,—his
 “ body so wasted with sorrow and confine-
 “ ment. ” — [Oh ! ’tis my brother, cried poor
Trim in a most passionate exclamation, dropping
 the sermon upon the ground, and clapping his
 hands together—I fear—’tis poor *Tom*. My fa-
 ther’s and my uncle *Toby*’s heart yearned with
 sympathy for the poor fellow’s distress ; even
Slop himself acknowledged pity for him. —
 Why, *Trim*, said my father, this is not a history,
 —’tis a sermon thou art reading ; prithee begin
 the sentence again.] — “ Behold this helpless
 “ victim delivered up to his tormentors,—his
 “ body so wasted with sorrow and confinement,
 “ you will see every nerve and muscle as it
 “ suffers.

“ Observe the last movement of that horrid
 “ engine ! ” — [I would rather face a cannon,
 quoth

quoth *Trim*, stamping.]—"See what convulsions it has thrown him into!—Consider the nature of the posture in which he now lies stretched,—what exquisite tortures he endures by it!—'Tis all nature can bear! Good God! see how it keeps his weary soul hanging upon his trembling lips!" [I would not read another line of it, quoth *Trim*, for all this world;—I fear, an' please your honours, all this is in *Portugal*, where my poor brother *Tom* is. I tell thee, *Trim*, again, quoth my father, 'tis not an historical account,—'tis a description.—'Tis only a description, honest man, quoth *Slop*, there's not a word of truth in it.—That's another story, replied my father.—However, as *Trim* reads it with so much concern,—'tis cruelty to force him to go on with it.—Give me hold of the sermon, *Trim*,—I'll finish it for thee, and thou may'st go. I must stay and hear it too, replied *Trim*, if your honour will allow me;—though I would not read it myself for a Colonel's pay.—Poor *Trim*! quoth my uncle *Toby*.—My father went on.—

"Consider the nature of the posture in which he now lies stretched,—what exquisite torture he endures by it!—'Tis all nature can
 " bear

“bear! Good God! See how it keeps his weary
 “soul hanging upon his trembling lips,—wil-
 “ling to take its leave,—but not suffered to
 “depart!—Behold the unhappy wretch led
 “back to his cell!”

—[Than, thank God, however, quoth *Trim*,
 they have not killed him.]—

“See him dragged out of it again to meet
 “the flames, and the insults in his last agonies,
 “which this principle,—this principle, that
 “there can be religion without mercy, has
 “prepared for him. The surest way to try
 “the merit of any disputed notion is, to trace
 “down the consequences such a notion has
 “produced, and compare them with the spirit
 “of christianity;—’tis the short and decisive
 “rule which our Saviour hath left us, for
 “these and such like cases, and it is worth a
 “thousand arguments—*By their fruits ye shall*
 “*know them.*”

“I will add no farther to the length of this
 “sermon, than by two or three short and in-
 “dependent rules deducible from it.

“*Fir,*”

“ *First*, Whenever a man talks loudly against religion, always suspect that it is not his reason, but his passions, which have got the better of his CREED. A bad life and a good belief are disagreeable and troublesome neighbours, and where they separate, depend upon it, 'tis for no other cause but quietness sake.

“ *Secondly*, When a man thus represented, tells you in any particular instance,—That such a thing goes against his conscience,—always believe he means exactly the same thing, as when he tells you such a thing goes *against* his stomach;—a present want of appetite being generally the true cause of both.

“ In a word,—trust that man in nothing, who has not a CONSCIENCE in every thing,

“ And, in your own case, remember this plain distinction, a mistake in which has ruined thousands,—that your conscience is not a law;—No, God and reason made the law, and have placed conscience within you to determine;—not like an *Asiatic Cadi*, according

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“ing to the ebbs and flows of his own passions,
“—but like a *British* judge in this land of
“liberty and good sense, who makes no new
“law, but faithfully declares that law which
“he knows already written.”

END OF THE SERMON.

T. SHANDY, V. I. C. 49.

REMAINDER

REMAINDER OF THE

STORY OF TRIM'S BROTHER.

AS *Tom's* place an' please your honour, was easy—and the weather warm—it put him upon thinking seriously of settling himself in the world; and as it fell out about that time, that a *Jew* who kept a sausage shop in the same street, had the ill luck to die of a strangury, and leave his widow in possession of a rousing trade—*Tom* thought (as every body in *Lisbon* was doing the best he could devise for himself) there could be no harm in offering her his service to carry it on: so without any introduction to the widow, except that of buying a pound of sausages at her shop—*Tom* set out—counting the matter thus within himself, as he walked along; that let the worst come of it that could, he should at least get a pound of sausages for their worth—but, if things went well, he should be set up; inasmuch as he should get not only a pound of sausages—but a wife—and a sausage shop, an' please your honour, into the bargain.

H

Every

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Every fervant in the family, from high to low, wished *Tom* fuccefs, and I can fancy, an' please your honour, I fee him this moment, with his white dimity waiftcoat and breeches, and hat a little o'one fide, paffing jollily along the ftreet, fwinging his flick, with a fmile and a cheerful word for every body he met.

But, alas! *Tom*! thou fmileft no more, cried the Corporal, looking on one fide of him upon the ground, as if he apoftrophifed him in his dungeon.

Poor fellow! faid my uncle *Toby*, feelingly.

He was an honeft, light-hearted lad, an' please your honour, as ever blood warm'd—

Then he refembled thee, *Trim*, faid my uncle *Toby*, rapidly.

The Corporal blufhed down to his fingers ends—a tear of fentimental bafhfulnefs—another of gratitude to my uncle *Toby*—and a tear of forrow for his brother's misfortunes, flarted into his eye, and ran fweetly down his cheek together; my uncle *Toby's* kindled as one lamp does at another;

another ; and taking hold of the breast of *Trim's* coat (which had been that of *Le Fever's*), as if to ease his lame leg, but in reality to gratify a finer feeling—he stood silent for a minute and a half ; at the end of which he took his hand away, and the Corporal making a bow, went on with his story of his brother and the *Jew's* widow.

When *Tom*, an' please your honour, got to the shop, there was nobody in it, but a poor negro girl, with a bunch of white feathers lightly tied to the end of a long cane, flapping away flies—not killing them.——

'Tis a pretty picture ! said my uncle *Toby*,—she had suffered persecution, *Trim*, and had learnt mercy——

—She was good, an' please your honour, from nature, as well as from hardships : and there are circumstances in the story of that poor friendless slut, that would melt a heart of stone, said *Trim* ; and some dismal winter's evening, when your honour is in the humour, they shall be told you with the rest of *Tom's* story, for it makes a part of it.

Then do not forget, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*.

A negro has a soul? an' please your honour, said the Corporal, (doubtingly).

I am not much versed, Corporal, quoth my uncle *Toby*, in things of that kind; but I suppose, God would not leave him without one, any more than thee or me.

It would be putting one sadly over the head of another, quoth the Corporal.

It would so, said my uncle *Toby*.

Why then, an' please your honour, is a black wench to be used worse than a white one?

I can give no reason, said my uncle *Toby*—

—Only, cried the Corporal, shaking his head, because she has no one to stand up for her—

'Tis that very thing, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*,—which recommends her to protection, and her brethren with her; 'tis the fortune of war which has put the whip into our hands

now

now——where it may be hereafter, heaven knows!——but be it where it will, the brave, *Trim*, will not use it unkindly.

—God forbid, said the Corporal.

Amen, responded my uncle *Toby*, laying his hand upon his heart.

The Corporal returned to his story, and went on——but with an embarrassment in doing it, which here and there a reader in this world will not be able to comprehend; for by the many sudden transitions all along, from one kind and cordial passion to another, in getting thus far on his way, he had lost the portable key of his voice, which gave sense and spirit to his tale: he attempted twice to resume it, but could not please himself; so giving a stout hem! to rally back the retreating spirits, and aiding nature at the same time with his left arm a-kimbo on one side, and with his right a little extended, supported her on the other—the Corporal got as near the note as he could; and in that attitude, continued his story.

As *Tom*, an' please your honour, had no business at that time with the *Moorish* girl, he passed.

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on into the room beyond, to talk to the *Jew's* widow about love—and being, as I have told your honour, an open, cheary hearted lad, with his character wrote in his looks and carriage, he took a chair, and without much apology, but with great civility at the same time, placed it close to her at the table, and sat down.

Now a widow, an' please your honour, always chooses a second husband as unlike the first as she can : so the affair was settled in her mind before *Tom* mentioned it.

She signed the capitulation—and *Tom* sealed it; and there was an end of the matter.

T. SHANDY, V. IV. C. 64.

THE BEGUINE.

SO, thou wast once in love, *Trim* ! said my uncle *Toby*, smiling—

Souse ! replied the Corporal—over head and ears ! an' please your honour. Prithee when ? where ?—and how came it to pass ?—I never heard one word of it before, quoth my uncle *Toby* :—I dare say, answered *Trim*, that every drummer and serjeant's son in the regiment knew of it—It's high time I should—said my uncle *Toby*.

Your honour remembers with concern, said the Corporal, the total route and confusion of our camp, and the army, at the affair of *Landen* ; every one was left to shift for himself ; and if it had not been for the regiments of *Wyndham*, *Lumley*, and *Galway*, which covered the retreat over the bridge of *Neer-speeken*, the *King himself could scarce have gained it—he was pressed hard, as your honour knows, on every side of him——

* *King William.*

Gallant

Gallant mortal ! cried my uncle *Toby*, caught up with enthusiasm—this moment, now that all is lost, I see him galloping across me, Corporal, to the left, to bring up the remains of the English horse along with him to support the right, and tear the laurel from *Luxembourg's* brows, if yet 'tis possible—I see him with the knot of his scarf just shot off, infusing fresh spirits into poor *Galway's* regiment—riding along the line—then wheeling about, and charging *Conti* at the head of it—Brave ! brave, by heaven ! cried my uncle *Toby*, he deserves a crown—as richly, as a thief a halter; shouted *Trim*.

My uncle *Toby* knew the Corporal's loyalty;—otherwise the comparison was not at all to his mind—it did not altogether strike the Corporal's fancy when he had made it—but it could not be recalled—so he had nothing to do, but proceed.

As the number of wounded was prodigious, and no one had time to think of any thing, but his own safety—Though *Talmash*, said my uncle *Toby*, brought off the foot with great prudence—but I was left upon the field, said the Corporal. Thou wast so ; poor fellow ! replied my uncle *Toby*—So that it was noon the next day, continued the Corporal, before I was exchanged,
and

and put into a cart with thirteen or fourteen more, in order to be conveyed to our hospital.—The anguish of my knee, continued the Corporal, was excessive in itself; and the uneasiness of the cart, with the roughness of the roads which were terribly cut up—making bad still worse—every step was death to me: so that with the loss of blood, and the want of care-taking of me, and a fever I felt coming on besides—(Poor soul! said my uncle *Toby*) all together, an' please your honour, was more than I could sustain.

I was telling my sufferings to a young woman at a peasant's house, where our cart, which was the last of the line, had halted; they had helped me in, and the young woman had taken a cordial out of her pocket and dropp'd it upon some sugar, and seeing it had cheer'd me, she had given it me a second and a third time.—So I was telling her, an' please your honour, the anguish I was in, and was saying it was so intolerable to me, that I had much rather lie down upon the bed, turning my face towards one which was in the corner of the room—and die, than go on—when, upon her attempting to lead me to it, I fainted away in her arms. She was
a good

a good foul! as your honour, said the Corporal, wiping his eyes, will hear.

I thought *love* had been a joyous thing, quoth my uncle *Toby*.

'Tis the most serious thing, an' please your honour (sometimes), that is in the world.

By the persuasion of the young woman, continued the Corporal, the cart with the wounded men set off without me: she had assured them I should expire immediately if I was put into the cart. So when I came to myself—I found myself in a still quiet cottage, with no one but the young woman, and the peasant and his wife. I was laid across the bed in the corner of the room, with my wounded leg upon a chair, and the young woman beside me, holding the corner of her handkerchief dipp'd in vinegar to my nose with one hand, and rubbing my temples with the other.

I took her at first for the daughter of the peasant; (for it was no inn)—so had offered her a little purse with eighteen florins, which my poor brother *Tom* (here *Trim* wip'd his eyes)
had

had sent me as a token, by a recruit, just before he set out for *Lisbon*.——

The young woman called the old man and his wife into the room, to show them the money, in order to gain me credit for a bed and what little necessaries I should want, till I should be in a condition to be got to the hospital——Come then! said she, tying up the little purse,—I'll be your banker—but as that office alone will not keep me employ'd, I'll be your nurse too.

I thought by her manner of speaking this, as well as by her dress, which I then began to consider more attentively—that the young woman could not be the daughter of the peasant. She was in black down to her toes, with her hair concealed under a cambric border, laid close to her forehead: she was one of those kind of Nuns, an' please your honour, of which, your honour knows, there are a good many in *Flanders*, which they let go loose—By thy description, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, I dare say she was a young *Beguine*, of which there are none to be found any where but in the *Spanish Netherlands*—except at *Amsterdam*—they differ from Nuns in this, that they can quit their cloister if
they

they choofe to marry; they vifit and take care of the fick by profeffion—I had rather, for my own part, they did it out of good-nature.

The young *Beguine*, continued the corporal, had fcarce given herfelf time to tell me “ ſhe would be my nurse,” when ſhe haftily turned about to begin the office of one, and prepare ſomething for me—and in a ſhort time—though I thought it a long one—ſhe came back with flannels, &c. &c. and having fomented my knee foundly for a couple of hours, and made me a thin bafon of gruel for my fupper—ſhe wiſh’d me reſt, and promiſed to be with me early in the morning.—She wiſh’d me, an’ pleaſe your honour, what was not to be had. My fever ran very high that night—her figure made ſad diſturbance within me—I was every moment cutting the world in two—to give her half of it—and every moment was I crying, that I had nothing but a knapſack and eighteen florins to ſhare with her—The whole night long was the fair *Beguine*, like an angel, cloſe by my bedſide, holding back my curtain and offering me cordials—and I was only awakened from my dream by her coming there at the hour promiſed, and giving them in reality. In truth, ſhe was ſcarce

scarce ever from me, and so accustomed was I to receive life from her hands, that my heart sickened, and I lost colour when she left the room.—Love, an' please your honour, is exactly like war, in this; that a soldier, though he has escaped three weeks complete o'Saturday-night—may nevertheless be shot through his heart on Sunday morning—it happened so here, an' please your honour, with this difference only—that it was on Sunday in the afternoon, when I fell in love all at once with a sifferara—it burst upon me, an' please your honour, like a bomb—scarce giving me time to say, “God blefs me.”

I thought, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, a man never fell in love so very suddenly.

Yes, an' please your honour, if he is in the way of it—replied *Trim*.

I prithee, quoth my uncle *Toby*, inform me how this matter happened.

—With all pleasure, said the Corporal, making a bow. I had escaped, continued the Corporal, all that time from falling in love, and had gone

I

on

on to the end of the chapter, had it not been predestined otherwise—there is no resisting our fate. It was on a Sunday, in the afternoon, as I told your honour. The old man and his wife had walked out—Every thing was still and hush as midnight about the house—

There was not so much as a duck or a duckling about the yard; when the fair *Beguine* came to see me.

My wound was then in a fair way of doing well—the inflammation had been gone off for some time, but it was succeeded with an itching both above and below my knee, so insufferable, that I had not shut my eyes the whole night for it. Let me see it, said she, kneeling down upon the ground parallel to my knee, and laying her hand upon the part below it—it only wants rubbing a little, said the *Beguine*; so covering it with the bed cloathes, she began with the fore-finger of her right hand to rub under my knee, guiding her fore-finger backwards and forwards by the edge of the flannel, which kept on the dressing.

In five or six minutes I felt slightly the end of her second finger—and presently it was laid flat

flat with the other, and she continued rubbing in that way round and round for a good while; it then came into my head that I should fall in love—I blushed when I saw how white a hand she had—I shall never, an' please your honour, behold another hand so white whilst I live.—

The young *Beguine*, continued the Corporal, perceiving it was of great service to me—from rubbing, for some time, with two fingers—proceeded to rub at length with three—till by little and little she brought down the fourth, and then rubbed with her whole hand: I will never say another word, an' please your honour, upon hands again—but it was softer than fatten.

Prithee, *Trim*, commend it as much as thou wilt, said my uncle *Toby*; I shall hear thy story with the more delight—The Corporal thanked his master most unfeignedly; but having nothing to say upon the *Beguine's* hand but the same over again—he proceeded to the effects of it.

The fair *Beguine*, said the Corporal, continued rubbing with her whole hand under my knee—till I feared her zeal would weary her—"I would do a thousand times more," said she

“ for the love of Christ.” As she continued rubbing—I felt it spread from under her hand, an’ please your honour, to every part of my frame.—

The more she rubbed, and the longer strokes she took—the more the fire kindled in my veins—till at length, by two or three strokes longer than the rest—my passion rose to the highest pitch—I seized her hand—and then thou clapped’st it to thy lips, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*—and made a speech.

Whether the Corporal’s amour terminated precisely in the way my uncle *Toby* described it, is not material; it is enough that it contained in it the essence of all the love-romances which ever have been wrote since the beginning of the world.

T. SHANDY, VOL. IV. CHAP. 43.

MARIA.

M A R I A.

—THEY were the sweetest notes I ever heard; and I instantly let down the fore-glass to hear them more distinctly—'Tis *Maria*; said the postillion, observing I was listening—Poor *Maria*, continued he, (leaning his body on one side to let me see her, for he was in a line betwixt us), is sitting upon a bank playing her vespers upon her pipe, with her little goat beside her.

The young fellow uttered this with an accent and a look so perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I instantly made a vow, I would give him a four-and-twenty fous piece, when I got to *Moulines*.

And who is *poor Maria*? said I.

The love and pity of all the villages around us; said the postillion—it is but three years ago, that the sun did not shine upon so fair, so quick-witted and amiable a maid; and better fate

did *Maria* deserve, than to have her banns forbid by the intrigues of the curate of the parish, who published them——

He was going on, when *Maria*, who had made a short pause, put the pipe to her mouth, and began the air again—they were the same notes;—yet were ten times sweeter : It is the evening service to the Virgin, said the young man—but who has taught her to play it—or how she came by her pipe, no one knows ; we think that heaven has assisted her in both ; for ever since she has been unsettled in her mind, it seems her only consolation—she has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that service upon it almost night and day.

The postillion delivered this with so much discretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help decyphering something in his face above his condition, and should have sifted out his history, had not poor *Maria's* taken such full possession of me.

We had got up by this time almost to the bank where *Maria* was sitting ; she was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two tresses,

treffes, drawn up into a silk net, with a few olive leaves, twisted a little fantastically on one side—she was beautiful; and if ever I felt the full force of an honest heart-ache, it was the moment I saw her.

—God help her! poor damsel! above a hundred masses, said the postillion, have been said in the several parish churches and convents around, for her,—but without effect; we have still hopes, as she is sensible for short intervals, that the Virgin at last will restore her to herself; but her parents, who know her best, are hopeless upon that score, and think her senses are lost for ever.

As the postillion spoke this, *Maria* made a cadence so melancholy, so tender and querulous, that I sprang out of the chaise to help her, and found myself sitting betwixt her and her goat before I relapsed from my enthusiasm.

Maria looked wistfully for some time at me, and then at her goat—and then at me—and then at her goat again, and so on, alternately—

—Well, *Maria*, said I, softly—What resemblance do you find?

I do

I do entreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humblest conviction of what a *beast* man is,—that I ask'd the question ; and that I would not have let fallen an unseasonable pleasantry in the venerable presence of Misery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever *Rabelais* scattered—and yet I own my heart smote me, and that I so smarted at the very idea of it, that I swore I would set up for Wisdom, and utter grave sentences the rest of my days—and never—never attempt again to commit mirth with man, woman, or child, the longest day I had to live.

As for writing nonsense to them—I believe, there was a reserve—but that I leave to the world.

Adieu, *Maria* !—adieu, poor hapless damsel ! some time, but not *now*, I may hear thy sorrows from thy own lips—but I was deceived ; for that moment she took her pipe and told me such a tale of woe with it, that I rose up, and with broken and irregular steps, walk'd softly to my chaise.

T. SHANDY, VOL. IV. C. 83.

MARIA.

M A R I A.

MOULINES.

I NEVER felt what the distress of plenty was in any one shape till now—to travel it through the *Bourbonnois*, the sweetest part of *France*—in the hey-day of the vintage, when Nature is pouring her abundance into every one's lap, and every eye is lifted up—a journey through each step of which music beats time to *Labour*, and all her children are rejoicing as they carry in their clusters——to pass through this with my affections flying out, and kindling at every group before me—and every one of them was pregnant with adventures.

Just heaven!——it would fill up twenty volumes——and alas! I have but a few small pages left of this to crowd it into—and half of these must be taken up with the poor *Maria* my friend Mr. *Shandy* met with near *Moulines*.

The story he had told of that disordered maid affected me not a little in the reading; but when
I got

I got within the neighbourhood where she lived, it returned so strong into my mind, that I could not resist an impulse which prompted me to go half a league out of the road, to the village where her parents dwelt, to enquire after her.

'Tis going, I own, like the knight of the Woe-ful Countenance, in quest of melancholy adventures—but I know not how it is, but I am never so perfectly conscious of the existence of a soul within me, as when I am entangled in them.

The old mother came to the door, her looks told me the story before she opened her mouth—She had lost her husband: he had died, she said, of anguish, for the loss of *Maria's* senses, about a month before—She had feared at first, she added, that it would have plundered her poor girl of what little understanding was left—but, on the contrary, it had brought her more to herself—still she could not rest—her poor daughter, she said, crying, was wandering somewhere about the road—

—Why does my pulse beat languid as I write this? and what made *La Fleur*, whose heart seemed

seemed only to be tun'd to joy, to pass the back of his hand twice across his eyes, as the woman stood and told it? I beckoned to the postillion to turn back into the road.

When we had got within half a league of *Moulines*, at a little opening of the road leading to a thicket, I discovered poor *Maria* sitting under a poplar—she was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand,—a small brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bid the postillion go on with the chaise to *Moulines*, and *La Fleur* to bespeak my supper—and that I would walk after him.

She was dressed in white, and much as my friend described her, except that her hair hung loose, which before was twisted within a silk-net.—She had, superadded likewise to her jacket, a pail green riband, which fell across her shoulder to the waist; at the end of which hung her pipe.—Her goat had been as faithless as her lover; and she had got a little dog in lieu of him, which she had kept tied by a string to her girdle; as I looked at her dog, she drew him towards

wards her with the string—"Thou shalt not leave me, *Sylvio*," said she. I looked in *Maria's* eyes, and saw she was thinking more of her father than of her lover or her little goat; for as she uttered them the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I sat down close by her; and *Maria* let me wipe them away as they fell, with my handkerchief.—I then steep'd it in my own—and then in her's—and then in mine—and then I wip'd her's again—and as I did it, I felt such undescribable emotions within me, as I am sure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am positive I have a soul; nor can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world ever convince me to the contrary.

When *Maria* had come a little to herself, I asked her if she remembered a pale thin person of a man who had sat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before? She said, she was unsettled much at that time, but remembered it upon two accounts—that ill as she was, she saw the person pitied her; and next, that
her

her goat had stolen his handkerchief, and she had beat him for the theft—she had wash'd it, she said, in the brook, and kept it ever since in her pocket to restore it to him in case she should ever see him again, which, she added, he had half promised her. As she told me this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me see it; she had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine-leaves, tied round with a tendril—on opening it, I saw an S mark'd in one of the corners.

She had since that, she told me, stray'd as far as *Rome*, and walk'd round *St. Peter's* once—and return'd back—that she found her way alone across the *Apennines*—had travell'd over all *Lombardy* without money—and through the flinty roads of *Savoy* without shoes—how she had borne it, and how she had got supported, she could not tell—but *God tempers the wind*, said *Maria*, TO THE SHORN LAMB.

Shorn indeed ! and to the quick, said I; and wast thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it and shelter thee? thou shouldst eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup—I would be kind to thy *Sylvio*—in all thy weakneses and wanderings I

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would

would seek after thee and bring thee back—when the sun went down I would say my prayers; and when I had done thou shouldst play thy evening song upon thy pipe, nor would the incense of my sacrifice be worse accepted for entering heaven along with that of a broken heart.

Nature melted within me, as I utter'd this; and *Maria* observing, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was steep'd too much already to be of use, would needs go wash it in the stream—and where will you dry it, *Maria*? said I.—I will dry it in my bosom, said she—'twill do me good.

And is your heart still so warm, *Maria*? said I.

I touch'd upon the string on which hung all her sorrows—she look'd with wistful disorder for sometime in my face; and then, without saying any thing, took her pipe and play'd her service to the Virgin—The string I had touch'd ceased to vibrate—in a moment or two *Maria* returned to herself—let her pipe fall—and rose up.

And where are you going, *Maria*? said I.—She said, to *Moulines*.—Let us go, said I, together.—

gether.—*Maria* put her arm within mine, and lengthening the string, to let the dog follow—in that order we entered *Moulines*.

Though I hate salutations and greetings in the market-place, yet when we got into the middle of this, I stopp'd to take my last look and last farewell of *Maria*.

Maria, though not tall, was nevertheless of the first order of fine forms—affliction had touch'd her looks with something that was scarce earthly—still she was feminine—and so much was there about her of all that the heart wishes, or the eye looks for in woman, that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and those of *Eliza's* out of mine, she should *not only eat of my bread and drink of my own cup*, but *Maria* should lie in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor luckless maiden!—imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds—the Being who has twice bruised thee can only bind them up for ever.

SENT. JOURNEY, PAGE, 217.

K 2

SENSIBILITY

S E N S I B I L I T Y.

—DEAR Sensibility! source inexhausted of all that's precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows! thou chainest thy martyr down upon his bed of straw—and 'tis thou who lifts him up to HEAVEN—eternal fountain of our feelings!—'tis here I trace thee—and this is thy "*divinity which stirs within me*"—not, that in some sad and sickening moments, "*my soul shrinks back upon herself, and startles at destruction*"—mere pomp of words!—but that I feel some generous joys and generous cares beyond myself—all comes from thee, great—great SENSORIUM of the world! which vibrates, if a hair of our heads but falls upon the ground, in the remotest desert of thy creation.—Touch'd with thee, *Eugenius* draws my curtain when I languish—hears my tale of symptoms, and blames the weather for the disorder of his nerves. Thou giv'st a portion of it sometimes to the roughest peasant who traverses the bleakest mountains—he finds the lacerated lamb of another's flock—This moment

I beheld

THE BEAUTIES OF STERNE. 101

I beheld him leaning with his head against his crook, with piteous inclination looking down upon it!—Oh! had I come one moment sooner!—it bleeds to death—his gentle heart bleeds with it——

Peace to thee, generous swain!—I see thou walkest off with anguish—but thy joys shall balance it—for happy is thy cottage—and happy is the sharer of it—and happy are the lambs which sport about you.

SENT. JOUR. P. 226.

THE SUPPER.

A SHOE coming loose from the fore-foot of the thill-horse, at the beginning of the ascent of mount *Taurira*, the postillion dismounted, twisted the shoe off, and put it in his pocket; as the ascent was of five or six miles, and that horse our main dependance, I made a point of having the shoe fastened on again, as well as we could; but the postillion had thrown away the nails, and the hammer in the chaise-

box, being of no great use without them, I submitted to go on.

He had not mounted half a mile higher, when coming to a flinty piece of road, the poor devil lost a second shoe, and from off his other fore-foot. I then got out of the chaise in good earnest; and seeing a house about a quarter of a mile to the left-hand, with a great deal to do, I prevailed upon the postillion to turn up to it. The look of the house, and of every thing about it, as we drew nearer, soon reconciled me to the disaster. It was a little farm house surrounded with about twenty acres of vineyard, about as much corn—and close to the house, on one side, was a *potagerie* of an acre and a half full of every thing which could make plenty in a *French* peasant's house—and on the other side was a little wood which furnished wherewithall to dress it. It was about eight in the evening when I got to the house—so I left the postillion to manage his point as he could—and for mine, I walked directly into the house.

The family consisted of an old grey-headed man and his wife, with five or six sons and sons-in-law and their several wives, and a joyous genealogy out of them.

They

They were all sitting down together to their lentil-soup ; a large wheaten loaf was in the middle of the table ; and a flaggon of wine at each end of it promised joy through the stages of the repast—'twas a feast of love.

The old man rose up to meet me, and with a respectful cordiality would have me sit down at the table ; my heart was set down the moment I entered the room ; so I sat down at once like a son of the family ; and to invest myself in the character as speedily as I could, I instantly borrowed the old man's knife, and taking up the loaf, cut myself a hearty luncheon ; and as I did it, I saw a testimony in every eye, not only of an honest welcome, but of a welcome mix'd with thanks that I had not seem'd to doubt it.

Was it this ; or tell me, Nature, what else it was that made this morsel so sweet—and to what magic I owe it, that the draught I took of their flaggon was so delicious with it, that they remain upon my palate to this hour ?

If the supper was to my taste—the grace which followed was much more so.

THE GRACE.

WHEN supper was over, the old man gave a knock upon the table with the haft of his knife, to bid them prepare for the dance: the moment the signal was given, the women and girls ran altogether into the back apartment to tie up their hair—and the young men to the door to wash their faces, and change their frocks: and in three minutes every soul was ready upon a little esplanade before the house to begin—The old man and his wife came out last, and placing me betwixt them, sat down upon a sofa of turf by the door.

The old man had some fifty years ago been no mean performer upon the vielle—and, at the age he was then of, touched it well enough for the purpose. His wife sung now-and-then a little to the tune—then intermitted—and joined her old man again, as their children and grand-children danced before them.

It was not till the middle of the second dance, when for some pauses in the movement where-
in

in they all seem'd to look up, I fancied I could distinguish an elevation of spirit different from that which is the cause or the effect of simple jollity.—In a word, I thought I beheld *Religion* mixing in the dance—but as I had never seen her so engaged, I should have look'd upon it now as one of the illusions of an imagination which is eternally misleading me, had not the old man, as soon as the dance ended, said, that this was their constant way: and that all his life long, he made it a rule, after supper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice; believing, he said, that a cheerful and contented mind was the best sort of thanks to heaven that an illiterate peasant could pay.—

—Or a learned prelate either, said I.

SENT. JOURNEY, P. 227.

COTTAGE HAPPINESS.

NATURE ! in the midst of thy disorders, thou art still friendly to the scantiness thou hast created—with all thy great works about thee, little hast thou left to give, either to the scythe or to the sickle—but to that little thou grantest safety and protection; and sweet are the dwellings which stand so shelter'd.

SENT. JOURNEY, P. 233.

ILLUSION.

SWEET pliability of man's spirit, that can at once surrender itself to illusions, which cheat expectation and sorrow of their weary moments !——Long—long since had ye number'd out my days, had I not trod so great a part of them upon this enchanted ground; when my way is too rough for my feet, or too steep for my strength, I get off it, to some smooth velvet path

path which fancy has scattered over with rosebuds of delights ; and having taken a few turns in it, come back strengthen'd and refresh'd—When evils press fore upon me, and there is no retreat from them in this world, then I take a new course—I leave it—and as I have a clearer idea of the *Elysian* fields than I have of heaven, I force myself, like *Æneas*, into them—I see him meet the pensive shade of his forsaken *Dido*—and wish to recognize it—I see the injured spirit wave her head, and turn off silent from the author of her miseries and dishonours—I lose the feelings for myself in her's—and in those affections which were wont to make me mourn for her when I was at school.

Surely this is not walking in a vain shadow—nor does man disquiet himself in vain by it—he oftener does so in trusting the issue of his commotions to reason only—I can safely say for myself, I was never able to conquer any one single bad sensation in my heart so decisively, as by beating up as fast as I could for some kindly and gentle sensation to fight it upon its own ground.

SENT. JOURNEY, P. 165.

LE DIMANCHE.

IT was Sunday; and when *La Fleur* came in the morning, with my coffee and roll and butter, he had got himself so gallantly arrayed, I scarce knew him.

I had covenanted at *Montriul* to give him a new hat with a silver button and loop, and four Louis d'ors *pour s'adoniser*, when we got to Paris; and the poor fellow, to do him justice, had done wonders with it.

He had bought a bright, clean, good scarlet coat, and a pair of breeches of the same—They were not a crown worse, he said, for the wearing—I wish'd him hang'd for telling me—They look'd so fresh, that though I knew the thing could not be done, yet I would rather have imposed upon my fancy, with thinking I had bought them new for the fellow, than that they had come out of the *Rue de Friperie*.

This is a nicety which makes not the heart sore at *Paris*.

He

He had purchased moreover a handsome blue fatten waistcoat, fancifully enough embroidered——this was indeed something the worse for the service it had done, but 'twas clean scour'd—the gold had been touch'd up, and upon the whole was rather showy than otherwise——and as the blue was not violent, it suited with the coat and breeches very well: he had squeez'd out of the money, moreover, a new bag and a solitaire: and had insisted with the *Fripier* upon a gold pair of garters to his breeches knees——He had purchased muslin ruffles, *bien bordées*, with four livres of his own money,—and a pair of white silk stockings for five more——and, to top all, nature had given him a handsome figure, without costing him a sou.

He entered the room thus set off, with his hair dress'd in the first stile, and with a handsome bouquet in his breast——in a word, there was that look of festivity in every thing about him, which at once put me in mind it was Sunday——and by combining both together, it instantly struck me, that the favour he wish'd to ask me the night before, was to spend the day as every body in *Paris* spent it besides. I had scarce made the conjecture, when *La Fleur*,

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with

with infinite humility, but with a look of trust, as if I should not refuse him, begged I would grant him the day, *pour fair le galant vis-à-vis de sa maitresse.*

Now it was the very thing I intended to do myself *vis-à-vis* Madame de R****—I had retained the *remise* on purpose for it, and it would not have mortified my vanity to have had a servant so well dres'd as *La Fleur* was, to have got up behind it: I never could have worse spared him.

But we must *feel*, not argue in these embarrassments—the sons and daughters of service part with liberty, but not with Nature, in their contracts; they are flesh and blood, and have their little vanities and wishes in the midst of the house of bondage, as well as their task-masters—no doubt they have set their self-denials at a price—and their expectations are so unreasonable, that I would often disappoint them, but that their condition puts it so much in my power to do it.

Behold,—Behold, I am thy servant—disarms me at once of the powers of a master.—

—Thou

—Thou shalt go, *La Fleur*! said I.

—And what mistress, *La Fleur*, said I, canst thou have pick'd up in so little a time at *Paris*? *La Fleur* laid his hand upon his breast, and said 'twas a *petite Demoiselle* at *Monsieur Le Count de B*****'s—*La Fleur* had a heart made for society; and to speak the truth of him, let as few occasions slip him as his master—so that somehow or other;—but how—heaven knows—he had connected himself with the *demoiselle* upon the landing of the stair-case, during the time I was taken up with my passport; and as there was time enough for me to win the Count to my interest, *La Fleur* had contrived to make it do to win the maid to his.—The family, it seems, was to be at *Paris* that day, and he had made a party with her, and two or three more of the Count's household upon the *boulevards*.

Happy people! that once a week at least are sure to lay down all your cares together, and dance and sing, and sport away the weights of grievance, which bow down the spirit of other nations to the earth.

SENT. JOURNEY, P. 190.

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

A POOR Monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room to beg something for his Convent. No man cares to have his virtues the sport of contingencies—or one man may be generous as another man is puissant—*sed non quo ad hanc*—or be it as it may—for there is no regular reasoning upon the ebbs and flows of our humours; they may depend upon the same causes, for aught I know, which influence the tides themselves—'twould oft be no discredit to us, to suppose it was so: I'm sure at least for myself, that in many a case I should be more highly satisfied to have it said by the world, "I had had an affair with the moon, in which there was neither sin nor shame," then have it pass altogether as my own act and deed, wherein there was so much of both.

—But be this as it may: the moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was predetermined not to
give

give him a single sous, and accordingly I put my purse into my pocket—button'd it up—set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him; there was something, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure, a few scattered white hairs upon his temples, being all that remained of it, might be about seventy—but from his eyes, and that sort of fire that was in them, which seemed more temper'd by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty——Truth might lie between——He was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted—mild, pale—penetrating, free from all common-place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth—it look'd forwards; but look'd, as if it look'd at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, heaven above, who let it fall

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upon

upon a Monk's shoulders, best knows : but it would have suited a Bramin, and had I met it upon the plains of Indostan, I had revered it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes ; one might put it into the hands of any one to design, for 'twas neither elegant or otherwise, but as character and expression made it so : it was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forward in the figure—but it was the attitude of Intreaty ; and as it now stands present to my imagination, it gain'd more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still ; and laying his left-hand upon his breast, (a slender white staff with which he journey'd being in his right)—when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order——and did it with so simple a grace—and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure—I was bewitched not to have been struck with it.

—A better reason was, I had predetermined to give him a single sous.

—'Tis

—'Tis very true, said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address—'tis very true—and heaven be their resource who have no other but the charity of the world, the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many *great claims* which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words *great claims*, he gave a slight glance with his eye downwards upon the sleeve of his tunic—I felt the full force of the appeal—I acknowledge it, said I,—a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet—are no great matters: and the true point of pity is, as they can be earn'd in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm—the captive who lies down, counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the *order of Mercy*, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portman-teau, full cheerfully should it have been open'd to you, for the ransom of the unfortunate—The Monk made me a bow—but of all others, resumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, surely,
have

have the first rights ; and I have left thousands in distress upon our own shore—The Monk gave a cordial wave with his head—as much as to say, No doubt, there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent—But we distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal——we distinguish, my good father, betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour—and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, *for the love of God.*

The poor Franciscan made no reply ; a hectic of a moment pass'd across his cheek, but could not tarry——Nature seemed to have had done with her resentments in him ; he shewed none—but letting his staff fall within his arm, he press'd both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door—Psha ! said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times—but it would not do: every ungracious syllable I had utter'd, crowded back into my imagination: I reflected, I had no right over the poor Franciscan, but to deny him; and
that

that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed, without the addition of unkind language—I consider’d his grey hairs—his courteous figure seem’d to re-enter and gently ask me what injury he had done me?—and why I could use him thus?—I would have given twenty livres for an advocate—I have behaved very ill, said I within myself; but I have only just set out upon my travels; and shall learn better manners as I get along

SEN. JOUR. P. 5.

THE MONK.

THE good old Monk was within six paces of us, as the idea of him cross’d my mind; and was advancing towards us a little out of the line, as if uncertain whether he should break in upon us or no,—He stopp’d, however, as soon as he came up to us, with a world of frankness; and having a horn snuff-box in his hand, he presented it open to me—You shall taste mine—said I, pulling out my box (which was a small tortoise one) putting it into his hand—’Tis most excellent, said the Monk: Then do me the favour I replied, to accept of the box and all, and when you take a pinch out of it, sometimes recollect it

it was the peace-offering of a man who once used you unkindly, but not from his heart.

The poor Monk blush'd as red as scarlet. *Mon Dieu!* said he, pressing his hands together—you never used me unkindly.—I should think, said the lady, he is not likely. I blush'd in my turn; but from what movements, I leave to the few who feel to analyse—Excuse me, Madame, replied I—I treated him most unkindly; and from no provocation. 'Tis impossible, said the lady—My God! cried the monk with a warmth of asseveration which seem'd not to belong to him—the fault was in me, and in the indiscretion of my zeal—the lady oppos'd it, and I joined with her in maintaining it was impossible that a spirit so regulated as his, could give offence to any.

I knew not that contention could be rendered so sweet and pleasurable a thing to the nerves as I then felt it.—We remained silent, without any sensation of that foolish pain which takes place, when in such a circle you look for ten minutes in one another's faces without saying a word. Whilst this lasted, the Monk rubb'd his horn-box upon the sleeve of his tunic; and as soon as it had acquired a little air of brightness by the friction—

friction—he made a low bow, and said, 'twas too late to say whether it was the weakness or goodness of our tempers which had involved us in this contest—but be it as it would—he begg'd we might exchange boxes—in saying this he presented his to me with one hand, as he took mine from me in the other: and having kiss'd it—with a stream of good-nature in his eyes, he put it into his bosom—and took his leave.

I guard this box as I would the instrumental parts of my religion, to help my mind on to something better: in truth, I seldom go abroad without it; and oft and many a time have I called up by it the courteous spirit of its owner to regale my own, in the jostlings of the world; they had found full employment for his, as I learnt from his story, till about the forty-fifth year of his age, when upon some military services ill requited, and meeting at the same time with a disappointment in the tenderest of passions, he abandoned the sword and the sex together, and took sanctuary, not so much in his convent as in himself.

I feel a damp upon my spirits, as I am going to add, that in my last return through Calais,
upon

upon inquiring after Father Lorenzo, I heard he had been dead near three months, and was buried, not in his convent, but, according to his desire, in a little cemetery belonging to it, about two leagues off: I had a strong desire to see where they had laid him—when upon pulling out his little horn-box, as I sat by his grave, and plucking up a nettle or two at the head of it, which had no business to grow there, they all struck together so forcibly upon my affections, that I burst into a flood of tears—but I am as weak as a woman; and I beg the world not to smile, but pity me.

S. JOURNEY, PAGE, 34.

FELLOW - FEELING.

TH E R E is something in our nature which engages us to take part in every accident to which man is subject, from what cause soever it may have happened; but in such calamities as a man has fallen into through mere misfortune, to be charged upon no fault or indiscretion of himself, there is something then so truly interesting, that at the first sight we generally make them our own, not altogether from a reflection
that

that they might have been or may be so, but oftener from a certain generosity and tenderness of nature which disposes us for compassion, abstracted from all considerations of self: so that without any observable act of the will, we suffer with the unfortunate, and feel a weight upon our spirits we know not why, on seeing the most common instances of their distress. But where the spectacle is uncommonly tragical, and complicated with many circumstances of misery, the mind is then taken captive at once, and *were it* inclined to it, has no power to make resistance, but surrenders itself to all the tender emotions of pity and deep concern. So that when one considers this friendly part of our nature, without looking farther, one would think it impossible for man to look upon misery without finding himself in some measure attached to the interest of him who suffers it—I say, one would think it impossible—for there are some tempers—how shall I describe them?—formed either of such impenetrable matter, or wrought up by habitual selfishness to such an utter insensibility of what becomes of the fortunes of their fellow creatures, as if they were not partakers of the same nature, or had no lot or connection at all with the species.

SERMON III, P. 43.

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THE UNMERCIFUL MAN.

LOOK into the world—how often do you behold a sordid wretch,—whose strait heart is open to no man's affliction, taking shelter behind an appearance of piety, and putting on the garb of religion, which none but the merciful and compassionate have a title to wear. Take notice with what sanctity he goes to the end of his days, in the same selfish track in which he at first set out—turning neither to the right-hand nor to the left—but plods on—pores all his life long upon the ground, as if afraid to look up, lest peradventure he should see aught which might turn him one moment out of that strait line where interest is carrying him;—or if, by chance, he stumbles upon a hapless object of distress, which threatens such a disaster to him—*devoutly* passing by on the other side, as if unwilling to trust himself to the impressions of nature, or hazard the inconveniences which pity might lead him into upon the occasion.

SERMON III. P. 46.

P I T Y.

P I T Y.

IN benevolent natures, the impulse to pity is so sudden, that, like instruments of music, which obey the touch—the objects which are fitted to excite such impressions, work so instantaneous an effect, that you would think the will was scarce concerned, and that the mind was altogether passive in the sympathy which her own goodness has excited. The truth is—the soul is generally in such cases so busily taken up, and wholly engrossed by the object of pity, that she does not attend to her own operations, or take leisure to examine the principles upon which she acts.

SERMON III. P. 51.

C O M P A S S I O N.

IN generous spirits, compassion is sometimes more than a balance for self-preservation. God certainly interwove that friendly softness in our nature to be a check upon too great a propensity towards self-love.

SERMON V. P. 89.

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SLANDER.

S L A N D E R.

OF the many revengeful, covetous, false, and ill-natured persons which we complain of in the world, though we all join in the cry against them, what man amongst us singles out himself as a criminal, or ever once takes it into his head that he adds to the number?—or where is there a man so bad, who would not think it the hardest and most unfair imputation, to have any of those particular vices laid to his charge?

If he has the symptoms never so strong upon him, which he would pronounce infallible in another, they are indications of no such malady in himself—he sees what no one else sees, some secret and flattering circumstances in his favour, which no doubt make a wide difference betwixt his case, and the parties which he condemns.

What other man speaks so often and vehemently against the vice of pride, sets the weakness of it in a more odious light, or is more hurt with it in another, than the proud man himself?

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It is the same with the passionate, the designing, the ambitious, and some other common characters in life; and being a consequence of the nature of such vices, and almost inseparable from them, the effects of it are generally so gross and absurd, that where pity does not forbid, it is pleasant to observe and trace the cheat through the several turnings and windings of the heart, and detect it through all the shapes and appearances which it puts on.

SERMON IV. P. 72.

HOUSE OF MOURNING.

LET us go into the house of mourning, made so by such afflictions as have been brought in, merely by the common cross accidents and disasters to which our condition is exposed,—where, perhaps, the aged parents sit broken-hearted, pierced to their souls with the folly and indiscretion of a thankless child—the child of their prayers, in whom all their hopes and expectations centered:—perhaps a more affecting scene—a virtuous family lying pinched with want, where the unfortunate support of it

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having

having long struggled with a train of misfortunes, and bravely fought up against them,—is now piteously borne down at the last—overwhelmed with a cruel blow which no forecast or frugality could have prevented.—O God! look upon his afflictions—Behold him distracted with many sorrows, surrounded with the tender pledges of his love, and the partner of his cares—without bread to give them, unable from the remembrance of better days, to dig ;—to beg, ashamed.

When we enter into the house of mourning such as this—it is impossible to insult the unfortunate even with an improper look—Under whatever levity and dissipation of heart, such objects catch our eyes,—they catch likewise our attentions, collect and call home our scattered thoughts, and exercise them with wisdom. A transient scene of distress, such as is here sketched, how soon does it furnish materials to set the mind at work? how necessarily does it engage it to the consideration of the miseries and misfortunes, the dangers and calamities to which the life of man is subject? By holding up such a glass before it, it forces the mind to see and reflect upon the vanity,—the perishing condition

condition and uncertain tenure of every thing in this world. From reflections of this serious cast, how insensibly do the thoughts carry us farther?—and from considering what we are—what kind of world we live in, and what evils befall us in it, how naturally do they set us to look forwards at what possibly we shall be?—for what kind of world we are intended—what evils may befall us there—and what provision we should make against them here, whilst we have time and opportunity. If these lessons are so inseparable from the house of mourning here supposed—we shall find it a still more instructive school of wisdom when we take a view of the place in that more affecting light in which the wise man seems to confine it in the text, in which, by the house of mourning, I believe he means that particular scene of sorrow, where there is lamentation and mourning for the dead. Turn in hither, I beseech you, for a moment. Behold a dead man ready to be carried out, the only son of his mother, and she a widow. Perhaps a more affecting spectacle, a kind and indulgent father of a numerous family, lies breathless—snatched away in the strength of his age—torn in an evil hour from his children and the bosom of a disconsolate wife.

wife. Behold much people of the city gathered together to mix their tears, with settled sorrow in their looks, going heavily along to the house of mourning, to perform that last melancholy office, which, when the debt of nature is paid, we are called upon to pay to each other. If this sad occasion which leads him there, has not done it already, take notice, to what a serious and devout frame of mind every man is reduced, the moment he enters this gate of affliction. The busy and fluttering spirits, which in the house of mirth were wont to transport him from one diverting object to another—see how they are fallen! how peaceably they are laid! In this gloomy mansion full of shades and uncomfortable damps to seize the soul—see, the light and easy heart, which never knew what it was to think before, how pensive it is now, how soft, how susceptible, how full of religious impressions, how deeply it is smitten with sense and with a love of virtue. Could we, in this crisis, whilst this empire of reason and religion lasts, and the heart is thus exercised with wisdom and busied with heavenly contemplations—could we see it naked as it is—stripped of its passions, unspotted by the world, and regardless of its pleasures—we might then safely rest

our

our cause upon this single evidence, and appeal to the most sensual, whether Solomon has not made a just determination here, in favour of the house of mourning? not for its own sake, but as it is fruitful in virtue, and becomes the occasion of so much good. Without this end, sorrow, I own, has no use but to shorten a man's days—nor can gravity, with all its studied solemnity of look and carriage, serve any end but to make one half of the world merry, and impose upon the other.

SERM. II. P. 33.

F R A I L T Y.

THE best of men appear sometimes to be strange compounds of contradictory qualities: and, were the accidental oversights and folly of the wisest man,—the failings and imperfections of a religious man,—the hasty acts and passionate words of a meek man;—were they to rise up in judgment against them,—and an ill-natured judge be suffered to mark, in this manner, what has been done amiss—what character so unexceptionable as to be able to stand before him?

SERM. XXXI. P. 33.

INSENSIBILITY.

INSENSIBILITY.

IT is the fate of mankind, too often, to seem insensible of what they may enjoy at the easiest rate.

SERM. XLII. P 226.

UNCERTAINTY.

THERE is no condition in life so fixed and permanent as to be out of danger, or the reach of change: and we all may depend upon it, that we shall take our turns of wanting and desiring. By how many unforeseen causes may riches take wing!—The crowns of princes may be shaken, and the greatest that ever awed the world have experienced what the turn of the wheel can do. —That which hath happened to one man, may befall another; and, therefore, that excellent rule of our Saviour's ought to govern us in all our actions,—Whatsoever we would that men should do to you, do you also to them likewise.—Time
and

and chance happens to all;—and the most affluent may be stript of all, and find his worldly comforts like so many withered leaves dropping from him.

SERM. XLI. P. 209.

THE DEAD ASS.

AND this, said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet—and this, should have been thy portion, said he, hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me. I thought by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child; but 'twas to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead on the road, which had occasioned *La Fleur's* misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much; and it instantly brought into my mind *Sancho's* lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was fitting upon a stone-bench at the door, with the ass's pannel and its bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time—then laid them down—look'd at them—
and

and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it; held it some time in his hand—then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle—look'd wistfully at the little arrangement he had made—and then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and *La Fleur* amongst the rest, whilst the horses were getting ready; as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

—He said he had come last from *Spain*, where he had been from the furthest borders of *Francia*; and had got so far on his return home, when his ass died. Every one seem'd desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

It had pleased heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all *Germany*: but having in one week lost two of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all; and made a vow, if heaven would not take him

him from him also, he would go in gratitude to St. Jago in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far on his story, he stopp'd to pay nature her tribute—and wept bitterly.

He said heaven had accepted the conditions, and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey—that it had eat the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Every body who stood about heard the poor fellow with concern—*La Fleur* offered him money—The mourner said he did not want it—it was not the value of the ass—but the loss of him.—The ass, he said, he was assured, loved him—and upon this told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean mountains; which had separated them from each other three days; during which time the ass had fought him as much as he had fought the ass, and that they had neither scarce eat or drank till they met.

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Thou hast one comfort, friend, said I, at least in the loss of thy poor beast; I'm sure thou hast been a merciful master to him—Alas! said the mourner, I thought so, when he was alive—but now he is dead, I think otherwise.—I fear the weight of myself and my afflictions together have been too much for him—they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for.—Shame on the world! said I to myself—Did we love each other as this poor soul but lov'd his ass—'twould be something.

SENT. JOURNEY, P. 74

HUMOURING IMMORAL APPETITES.

THE humouring of certain appetites, where morality is not concerned, seems to be the means by which the Author of nature intended to sweeten this journey of life,—and bear us up under the many shocks and hard jostlings, which we are sure to meet with in our way. And a man might, with as much reason, muffle up himself against sunshine and fair weather,—and at other times expose himself naked to the inclemencies

encies of cold and rain, as debar himself of the innocent delights of his nature, for affected reserve and melancholy.

It is true, on the other hand, our passions are apt to grow upon us by indulgence, and become exorbitant, if they are not kept under exact discipline, that by way of caution and prevention, 'twere better, at certain times, to affect some degree of needless reserve, than hazard any ill consequences from the other extreme.

SERMON XXXVII. P. 13.

U N I T Y.

LOOK into private life—behold how good and pleasant a thing it is to live together in unity ;—it is like the precious ointment poured upon the head of Aaron, that run down to his skirts ;—importing that this balm of life is felt and enjoyed, not only by governors of kingdoms, but is derived down to the lowest rank of life, and tasted in the most private recesses ;—all, from the king to the peasant, are refreshed with its blessings, without which we can find no com-

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fort

fort in any thing this world can give.—It is this blessing gives every one to sit quietly under his vine, and reap the fruits of his labour and industry:—in one word, which bespeaks who is the bestower of it—it is that only which keeps up the harmony and order of the world, and preserves every thing in it from ruin and confusion.

SER. XLI. P. 203.

O P P O S I T I O N.

THERE are secret workings in human affairs, which over-rule all human contrivance, and counterplot the wisest of our councils, in so strange and unexpected a manner, as to cast a damp upon our best schemes and warmest endeavours.

SER. XXXIX. P. 170.

Captain

Captain Shandy's Justification of his own Principles and Conduct, in wishing to continue the War. Written to his Brother.

I AM not insensible, brother *Shandy*, that when a man, whose profession is arms, wishes, as I have done, for war,—it has an ill aspect to the world;—and that how just and right soever his motives and intentions may be,—he stands in an uneasy posture in vindicating himself from private views in doing it.

For this cause, if a foldier is a prudent man, which he may be, without being a jot the lefs brave, he will be fure not to utter his wifh in the hearing of an enemy ; for fay what he will an enemy will not believe him.—He will be cautious of doing it even to a friend,—left he may fuffer in his efteem :—But if his heart is overcharged, and a fecret figh for arms muft have its vent, he will referve it for the ear of a brother, who knows his character to the bottom, and what his true notions, difpofitions, and principles of honour are : What, I *hope*, I have

been in all these, brother *Shandy*, would be unbecoming in me to say :—much worse I know, have I been than I ought,—and something worse, perhaps, than I think : but such as I am, you my dear brother *Shandy*, who have sucked the same breasts with me,—and with whom I have been brought up from my cradle,—and from whose knowledge, from the first hours of our boyish pastimes, down to this, I have concealed no one action of my life, and scarce a thought in it—Such as I am brother, you must by this time know me, with all my vices, and with all my weaknesses too, whether of my age, my temper, my passions, or my understanding.

Tell me then, my dear brother *Shandy*, upon which of them it is, that when I condemned the peace of *Utrecht*, and grieved the war was not carried on with vigour a little longer, you should think your brother did it upon unworthy views ; or that in wishing for war, he should be bad enough to wish more of his fellow-creatures slain,—more slaves made, and more families driven from their peaceful habitations, merely for his own pleasure :—Tell me, brother *Shandy*, upon what one deed of mine do you ground it ?

If when I was a school-boy, I could not hear a drum beat, but my heart beat with it—was it my fault? Did I plant the propensity there? Did I found the alarm within? or Nature?

When *Guy*, Earl of *Warwick*, and *Parifmus* and *Parifmenus*, and *Valentine* and *Orfon*, and the *Seven Champions of England* were handed around the school,—were they not all purchased with my own pocket-money? Was that selfish, brother *Shandy*? When we read over the siege of *Troy*, which lasted ten years and eight months,—though with such a train of artillery as we had at *Namur*, the town might have been carried in a week—was I not as much concerned for the *Greeks* and *Trojans* as any boy of the whole school? Had I not three strokes of a fella given me, two on my right hand and one on my left, for calling *Helena* a bitch for it? Did any one of you shed more tears for *Hector*? And when king *Priam* came to the camp to beg his body, and returned weeping back to *Troy* without it,—you know, brother, I could not eat my dinner.

—Did that bespeak me cruel? Or because, brother *Shandy*, my blood flew out into the
camp,

camp, and my heart panted for war,—was it a proof it could not ache for the distresses of war too?

O brother! 'tis one thing for a soldier to gather laurels,—and 'tis another to scatter cypresses.

—'Tis one thing, brother *Shandy*, for a soldier to hazard his own life—to leap first down into the trench, where he is sure to be cut in pieces:—'Tis one thing from public spirit and a thirst of glory, to enter the breach the first man,—to stand in the foremost rank, and march bravely on with drums and trumpets, and colours flying about his ears:—'Tis one thing, I say, brother *Shandy*, to do this,—and 'tis another thing to reflect on the miseries of war;—to view the desolations of whole countries, and consider the intolerable fatigues and hardships which the soldier himself, the instrument who works them, is forced (for six-pence a-day, if he can get it) to undergo.

Need I be told, dear *Yorick*, as I was by you, in *Le Fever's* funeral sermon, *That so soft and gentle a creature, born to love, mercy and kindness, as man is, was not shaped for this?* But why

why did you not add, *Yorick*,—if not by NATURE—that he is so by NECESSITY?—For what is war? what is it *Yorick*, when fought as ours has been, upon principles of *Liberty*, and upon principles of *Honour*—what is it, but the getting together of quiet and harmless people, with their swords in their hands, to keep the ambitious and the turbulent within bounds? And heaven is my witness, brother *Shandy*, that the pleasure I have taken in these things,—and that infinite delight, in particular, which has attended my sieges in my *bowling green*, has rose within me, and I hope in the Corporal too, from the consciousness we both had, that in carrying them on, we were answering the great ends of our creation.

T. SHANDY, VOL. III. CHAP. 75.

M E R C Y.

MY uncle *Toby* was a man patient of injuries;—not from want of courage,—where just occasions presented, or called it forth,—I know no man under whose arm I would sooner have taken shelter;—nor did this arise from any insensibility

insensibility or obtuseness of his intellectual parts;—he was of a peaceful, placid nature,—no jarring element in it,—all was mixed up so kindly within him; my uncle *Toby* had scarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly:—Go,—says he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner time,—and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at last—as it flew by him;—I'll not hurt thee, says my uncle *Toby*, rising from his chair, and going across the room, with the fly in his hand,—I'll not hurt a hair of thy head;—Go, says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape;—go, poor devil.—get thee gone, why should I hurt thee?—This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.

*** This is to serve for parents and governors instead of a whole volume upon the subject.

T. SHANDY, VOL. I. CHAP. 37.

INDOLENCE.

INDOLENCE.

INCONSISTENT soul that man is!—languishing under wounds which he has the power to heal!—his whole life a contradiction to his knowledge!—his reason, that precious gift of God to him—(instead of pouring in oil) serving but to sharpen his sensibilities,—to multiply his pains and render him more melancholy and uneasy under them!—Poor unhappy creature, that he should do so!—are not the necessary causes of misery in this life enow, but he must add voluntary ones to his stock of sorrow;—struggle against evils which cannot be avoided, and submit to others, which a tenth part of the trouble they create him, would remove from his heart for ever?

T. SHANDY, VOL. II. CHAP. 14.

CONSOLATION.

C O N S O L A T I O N.

BEFORE an affliction is digested,—consolation ever comes too soon;—and after it is digested—it comes too late: there is but a mark between these two, as fine almost as a hair, for a comforter to take aim at.

T. SHANDY, VOL. II. CHAP. 22.

T H E S T A R L I N G.

———**B**ESHREW the *sombre* pencil! said I, vauntingly—for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself, and blackened; reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them——’Tis true, said I, correcting the proposition——the Bastile is not an evil to be despised——but strip it of its towers——fill up the fosse——unbarricade the doors——

doors—— call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper——and not of a man which holds you in it——the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy, with a voice which I took to be of a child which complained “ it could not get out.”—— I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, or child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over ; and looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage——“ I can't get out—I can't get out,” said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird : and to every person who came through the passage it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity——“ I can't get out,” said the starling——God help thee ! said I, but I will let thee out, cost what it will ; so I turned about the cage to get the door ; it was twisted and
O double

double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces—I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient—I fear, poor creature ! said I, I cannot set thee at liberty—“ No,” said the starling—“ I can’t get out—I can’t get out,” said the starling.

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened ; nor do I remember an incident in my life, where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile ; and I heavily walked up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery ! said I—still thou art a bitter draught ! and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account—

THE BEAUTIES OF STERNE. 147

count.—'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, addressing myself to LIBERTY, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till NATURE herself shall change—no *tint* of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron——with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled——Gracious heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent—Grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion—and shower down thy mitres, if it seems good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.

SENT. JOURNEY, P. 134.

THE CAPTIVE.

PARIS.

THE bird in his cage pursued me into my room; I sat down close by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

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I was

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures, born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me——

——I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferr'd. Upon looking nearer I saw him pale and feverish: in thirty years the western breeze had not once fann'd his blood—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice:—his children——

——But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the furthest corner of his dungeon,
which

which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of small sticks were laid at the head, notch'd all over with the dismal days and nights he had pass'd there—he had one of those little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down—shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle—He gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter into his soul—I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

SENT. JOURNEY. P. 138.

THE DWARF.

I WAS walking down that lane which leads from the *Carousal* to the *Palais Royal*, and observing a little boy in some distress at the side of the gutter, which ran down the middle of it, I took hold of his hand, and help'd him over. Upon turning up his face to look at him

after, I perceived he was about forty—Never mind, said I; some good body will do as much for me, when I am ninety.

I feel some little principles within me, which incline me to be merciful towards this poor blighted part of my species, who have neither size or strength to get on in the world.—I cannot bear to see one of them trod upon; and had scarce got seated beside an old *French* officer at the opera Comique, ere the disgust was exercised, by seeing the very thing happen under the box we sat in.

At the end of the orchestra, and betwixt that and the first side-box, there is a small esplanade left, where, when the house is full, numbers of all ranks take sanctuary. Though you stand, as in the parterre, you pay the same price as in the orchestra. A poor defenceless being of this order had got thrust, somehow or other, into this luckless place—the night was hot, and he was surrounded by beings two feet and a half higher than himself. The dwarf suffered inexpressibly on all sides; but the thing which incommoded him most was a tall corpulent *German*, near seven feet high, who stood directly betwixt him
and

and all possibility of seeing either the stage or the actors. The poor dwarf did all he could to get a peep at what was going forwards, by seeking for some little opening betwixt the *German's* arm and his body, trying first one side, then the other; but the *German* stood square in the most unaccommodating posture that can be imagined—the dwarf might as well have been placed at the bottom of the deepest draw-well in *Paris*; so he civilly reached up his hand to the *German's* sleeve, and told him his distress—The *German* turn'd his head back, look'd down upon him as *Goliath* did upon *David*—and unfeelingly resumed his posture.

I was just then taking a pinch of snuff out of my Monk's little horn-box—and how would thy meek and courteous spirit, my dear Monk! so temper'd to *bear and forbear*!—how sweetly would it have lent an ear to this poor soul's complaint!

The old *French* officer seeing me lift up my eyes with an emotion, as I made the apostrophe, took the liberty to ask me what was the matter—I told him the story in three words; and added, how inhuman it was.

By

By this time the dwarf was driven to extremes, and in his first transports, which are generally unreasonable, had told the *German* he would cut off his long queue with his knife—The *German* look'd back coolly, and told him he was welcome, if he could reach it.

An injury sharpened by an insult, be it to who it will, makes every man of sentiment a party: I could have leaped out of the box to have redressed it.—The old *French* officer did it with much less confusion; for leaning a little over, and nodding to a centinel, and pointing at the same time with his finger to the distress—the centinel made his way to it.—There was no occasion to tell the grievance—the thing told itself; so thrusting back the *German* instantly with his musket—he took the poor dwarf by the hand, and placed him before him—This is noble! said I, clapping my hands together—And yet you would not permit this, said the old officer, in *England*.

—In *England*, dear Sir, said I, *we sit all at our ease.*

The old *French* officer would have set me at unity with myself, in case I had been at variance,
—by

— by saying it was a *bon mot*—and as a *bon mot* is always worth something at *Paris*, he offered me a pinch of snuff.

SENT. JOURNEY. P. 113.

C H A R I T Y.

WHEN all is ready, and every article is disputed and paid for in the inn, unless you are a little four'd by the adventure, there is always a matter to compound at the door, before you can get into your chaise, and that is with the sons and daughters of poverty, who surround you. Let no man say, "Let them go to the devil"—'tis a cruel journey to send a few miserales, and they have had sufferings enow without it: I always think it better to take a few fous out in my hand; and I would counsel every gentle traveller to do so likewise; he need not be so exact in setting down his motives for giving them—they will be register'd elsewhere.

For my own part, there is no man gives so little as I do; for few that I know have so little to give: but as this was the first public act of
my

my charity in *France*, I took the more notice of it.

A well-a-way ! said I, I have but eight sous in the world, shewing them in my hand, and there are eight poor men and eight poor women for 'em.

A poor tatter'd soul without a shirt on, instantly withdrew his claim, by retiring two steps out of the circle, and making a disqualifying bow, on his part. Had the whole parterre cried out *Place aux dames*, with one voice, it would not have conveyed the sentiment of a deference for the sex with half the effect.

Just heaven ! for what wise reason hast thou order'd it, that beggary and urbanity, which are at such variance in other countries, should find a way to be at unity in this ?

—I insisted upon presenting him with a single sous, merely for his *politesse*.

A poor little dwarfish, brisk fellow, who stood over-against me in the circle, putting something first under his arm, which had once been a hat, took

took his snuff-box out of his pocket, and generously offered a pinch on both sides of him: it was a gift of consequence, and modestly declined—The poor little fellow prefs'd it upon them with a nod of welcomeness—*Prenez en—Prenez*, said he, looking another way; so they each took a pinch—Pity thy box should ever want one, said I to myself; so I put a couple of sous into it—taking a small pinch out of his box, to enhance their value, as I did it—He felt the weight of the second obligation more than that of the first—'twas doing him an honour—the other was only doing him a charity—and he made me a bow down to the ground for it.

—Here! said I, to an old soldier with one hand, who had been campaign'd and worn out to death in the service—here's a couple of sous for thee, *Vive le Roi!* said the old soldier.

I had then but three sous left; so I gave one, simply *pour l'amour de Dieu*, which was the footing on which it was begg'd—The poor woman had a dislocated hip: so it could not be well upon any other motive.

Mon cher et tres charitable Monsieur—There's no opposing this, said I.

My

My Lord Anglois—the very sound was worth the money—so I gave *my last sous* for it. But in the eagerness of giving, I had overlook'd a *pauvre honteux*, who had no one to ask a sous for him, and who, I believed, would have perished ere he could have ask'd one for himself: he stood by the chaise, a little without the circle, and wiped a tear from a face which I thought had seen better days—Good God! said I—and I have not one single sous left to give him—But you have a thousand! cried all the powers of nature, stirring within me—so I gave him—no matter what—I am ashamed to say *how much*, now—and was ashamed to think how little, then; so if the reader can form any conjecture of my disposition, as these two fixed points are given him, he may judge within a livre or two what was the precise sum.

I could afford nothing for the rest, but *Dieu vous benisse—Et le bon Dieu vous benisse encore*—said the old foldier, the dwarf, &c. The *pauvre honteux* could say nothing—he pull'd out a little handkerchief, and wiped his face as he turned away—and I thought he thank'd me more than them all.

SENT. JOURNEY, P. 66.

REFLECTIONS

REFLECTIONS ON DEATH.

THE Corporal—

—Tread lightly on his ashes, ye men of genius,—for he was your kinsman:

Weed his grave clean ye men of goodness,—for he was your brother.—Oh Corporal! had I thee but now,—now, that I am able to give thee a dinner and protection,—how would I cherish thee! thou should'st wear thy Montero-cap every hour of the day, and every day of the week,—and when it was worn out, I would purchase thee a couple like it:—but alas! alas! alas! now that I can do this, in spite of their reverences—the occasion is lost—for thou art gone;—thy genius fled up to the stars from whence it came;—and that warm heart of thine with all its generous and open vessels, compressed into a *clod of the valley!*

—But what is this—what is this, to that future and dreaded page, where I look towards

P

the

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the velvet pall, decorated with the military ensigns of thy master—the first—the foremost of created beings ; where I shall see thee, faithful servant ! laying his sword and scabbard with a trembling hand across his coffin, and then returning pale as ashes to the door, to take his mourning horse by the bridle, to follow his hearse, as he directed thee ;—where—all my father's systems shall be baffled by his sorrows ; and in spite of his philosophy, I shall behold him, as he inspects the lackered plate, twice taking his spectacles from off his nose, to wipe away the dew which nature has shed upon them—When I see him cast in the rosemary with an air of disconsolation, which cries through my ears,—*O Toby !* in what corner of the world shall I seek thy fellow ?

—Gracious powers ! which erst have opened the lips of the dumb in his distress, and made the tongue of the stammerer speak plain—when I shall arrive at this dreaded page, deal not with me, then, with a stinted hand.

T. SHANDY, VOL. III. C. 68.

PLEASURES OF

OBSERVATION AND STUDY.

—WHAT a large volume of adventures may be grasped within this little span of life, by him who interests his heart in every thing, and who, having eyes to see what time and chance are perpetually holding out to him as he journeyeth on his way, misses nothing he can fairly lay his hands on.

—If this wont turn out something—another will—no matter—’tis an essay upon human nature—I get my labour for my pains—’tis enough—the pleasure of the experiment has kept my senses, and the best part of my blood awake, and laid the gross to sleep.

I pity the man who can travel from *Dan* to *Beersheba*, and cry, ’Tis all barren—and so it is; and so is all the world to him who will not cultivate the fruits it offers. I declare, said I, clapping my hands cheerily together, that was I in
P 2 a desert,

a desert, I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections—If I could do no better, I would fasten them upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress to connect myself to—I would court their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection—I would cut my name upon them, and swear they were the loveliest trees throughout the desert: if their leaves withered I would teach myself to mourn, and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice along with them.

SENT. JOURNEY, P. 51.

FEELING AND BENEFICENCE.

WAS it *Mackay's* regiment, quoth my uncle *Toby*, where the poor grenadier was so unmercifully whipp'd at *Bruges* about the ducats?—O Christ! he was innocent! cried *Trim*, with a deep sigh.—And he was whipp'd, may it please your honour, almost to death's door.—They had better have shot him outright, as he begged, and he had gone directly to heaven, for he was as innocent as your honour.—I thank thee, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*.
I never

I never think of his, continued *Trim*, and my poor brother *Tom's* misfortunes, for we were all three school-fellows, but I cry like a coward.—Tears are no proof of cowardice, *Trim*, I drop them oft times myself, cried my uncle *Toby*—I know your honour does, replied *Trim*, and so am not ashamed of it myself.—But to think, may it please your honour, continued *Trim*, a tear stealing into the corner of his eye as he spoke—to think of two virtuous lads, with hearts as warm in their bodies, and as honest as God could make them—The children of honest people, going forth with gallant spirits to seek their fortunes in the world—and fall into such evils! poor *Tom*! to be tortured upon a rack for nothing—but marrying a *Jew's* widow who sold sausages—honest *Dick Johnson's* soul to be scourged out of his body, for the ducats another man put into his knapsack!—O!—these are misfortunes, cried *Trim*, pulling out his handkerchief,—these are misfortunes, may it please your honour, worth laying down and crying over.

—'Twould be a pity, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, thou should'st ever feel sorrow of thy own—Thou feelest it so tenderly for others.—Alack-o-day, replied the Corporal, brightening up his

face—your honour knows I have neither wife or child—I can have no sorrows in this world. As few as any man, *Trim*, replied my uncle *Toby*; nor can I see how a fellow of thy light heart can suffer, but from the distress of poverty in thy old age—when thou art passed all services, *Trim*,—and hast outlived thy friends.—An' please your honour, never fear, replied *Trim*, cheerily —But I would have thee, never fear, *Trim*, replied my uncle *Toby*, and therefore, continued my uncle *Toby*, throwing down his crutch, and getting upon his legs as he uttered the word *therefore*—in recompence, *Trim*, of thy long fidelity to me, and that goodness of thy heart I have had such proofs of—whilst thy master is worth a shilling—thou shalt never ask elsewhere *Trim*, for a penny. *Trim* attempted to thank my uncle *Toby*,—but had not power—tears trickled down his cheeks faster than he could wipe them off—he laid his hands upon his breast—made a bow to the ground, and shut the door.

—I have left *Trim* my bowling-green, cried my uncle *Toby*.—My father smiled.—I have left him moreover a pension, continued my uncle *Toby*.—My father looked grave.

T. SHANDY, V. II. C. 39.

SLAVERY.

S L A V E R Y.

CONSIDER slavery,—what it is,—how bitter a draught, and how many millions have been made to drink of it;—which if it can poison all earthly happiness when exercised barely upon our bodies, what must it be, when it comprehends both the slavery of body and mind?—To conceive this, look into the history of the *Romish* church and her tyrants (or rather executioners), who seem to have taken pleasure in the pangs and convulsions of their fellow-creatures.—Examine the Inquisition, hear the melancholy notes sounded in every cell.—Consider the anguish of mock trials, and the exquisite tortures consequent thereupon, mercilessly inflicted upon the unfortunate, where the racked and weary soul has so often wished to take its leave,—but cruelly not suffered to depart.—Consider how many of these helpless wretches have been hauled from thence in all periods of this tyrannic usurpation, to undergo the massacres and flames to which a false and a bloody religion has condemned them.

—Let

—Let us behold him in another light.—

If we consider man as a creature full of wants and necessities (whether real or imaginary), which he is not able to supply of himself, what a train of disappointments, vexations and dependences are to be seen, issuing from thence to perplex and make his being uneasy!—How many justlings and hard struggles do we undergo in making our way in the world!—How barbarously held back!—How often and basely overthrown, in aiming only at getting bread!—How many of us never attain it—at least not comfortably,—but from various unknown causes—eat it all our lives long in bitterness!

SERMON X. P. 202.

OPPRESSION VANQUISHED.

I HAVE not been a furlong from Shandy-hall, since I wrote to you last—but why is my pen so perverse? I have been to *****, and my errand was of so peculiar a nature, that I must give you an account of it.—You will scarce believe me, when I tell you, it was to out-juggle

juggle a juggling attorney; to put craft, and all its power, to defiance; and to obtain justice from ore—who has a heart foul enough to take advantage of the mistakes of honest simplicity, and who has raised a considerable fortune by artifice and injustice. However, I gained my point!—it was a star and garter to me;—the matter was as follows.

“ A poor man, the father of my Vestal,
 “ having by the sweat of his brow, during a
 “ course of many laborious years, saved a small
 “ sum of money, applied to this scribe to put it
 “ out to use for him: this was done and a bond
 “ given for the money.—The honest man,
 “ having no place in his cottage which he
 “ thought sufficiently secure, put it in a hole
 “ in the thatch, which had served instead of a
 “ strong box, to keep his money.—In this
 “ situation the bond remained till the time of
 “ receiving his interest drew nigh.—But alas!
 “ —the rain which had done no mischief to
 “ his gold, had found out his paper-security, and
 “ had rotted it to pieces!”—It would be a
 difficult matter to paint the distress of the old
 countryman upon this discovery;—he came to
 me weeping, and begged my advice and assistance!—it cut me to the heart!

Frame

Frame to yourself the picture of a man upwards of sixty years of age—who having with much penury and more toil, with the addition of a small legacy, scraped together about four-score pounds to support him in the infirmities of old age, and to be a little portion for his child when he should be dead and gone—lost his little hoard at once; and to aggravate his misfortune, by his own neglect and incaution,—“If I was
 “young, Sir, (said he) my affliction would have
 “been light—and I might have obtained it
 “again!—but I have lost my comfort when
 “I most wanted it! my staff is taken from me
 “when I cannot go alone; and I have nothing
 “to expect in future life, but the unwilling
 “charity of a Parish-officer.”—Never in my whole life, did I wish to be rich, with so good a grace, as at this time!—What a luxury would it have been to have said to this afflicted fellow creature,—“There is thy money
 “—go thy ways—and be at peace.”—But alas! the Shandy family were never much encumbered with money; and I, (the poorest of them all) could only assist him with good council:—but I did not stop here.—I went myself with him to ***** , where by persuasion, threats, and some art, which (by the bye) in such a cause, and,
 with

with such an opponent, was very justifiable—
I sent my poor client back to his home, with
his comfort and his bond restored to him.—
Bravo!—Bravo!

If a man has a right to be proud of any
thing,—it is of a good action, done as it ought
to be, without any base interest lurking at the
bottom of it.

LETTER VI. TO HIS FRIENDS.

A SUBJECT FOR COMPASSION.

IF there is a case under heaven which calls
out aloud for the more immediate exercise of
compassion, and which may be looked upon as
the compendium of all charity, surely it is this:
and I am persuaded there would want nothing
more to convince the greatest enemy to these
kind of charities that it is so, but a bare oppor-
tunity of taking a nearer view of some of the
more distressful objects of it.

Let him go into the dwellings of the unfor-
tunate, into some mournful cottage, where
poverty

poverty and affliction reign together. There let him behold the disconsolate widow—sitting—steeped in tears;—thus sorrowing over the infant she knows not how to succour.—“ O my child ! thou art now left exposed to a wide and a vicious world, too full of snares and temptations for thy tender and unpractised age. Perhaps a parent’s love may magnify those dangers—but when I consider thou art driven out naked into the midst of them without friends, without fortune, without instruction, my heart bleeds beforehand for the evils which may come upon thee. God, in whom we trusted, is witness, so low had his providence placed us, that we never indulged one wish to have made thee rich,—virtuous we would have made thee;—for thy father, *my husband, was a good man, and feared the Lord*—and though all the fruits of his care and industry were little enough for our support, yet he honestly had determined to have spared some portion of it, scanty as it was, to have placed thee safely in the way of knowledge and instruction—But alas ! he is gone from us, never to return more, and with him are fled the means of doing it; —For *Behold the creditor is come upon us, to*

“ take

"*take all that we have.*" Grief is eloquent, and will not easily be imitated.—But let the man who is the least friend to distresses of this nature, conceive some disconsolate widow uttering her complaint even in this manner, and then let him consider, *if there is any sorrow like THIS sorrow, wherewith the Lord has afflicted her?* or whether there can be any charity like that, of taking the child out of the mother's bosom, and rescuing her from these apprehensions? Should a heathen, a stranger to our holy religion and the love it taught, should he, *as he journeyed, come to the place where SHE LAY, when he saw, would he not have compassion on her?* God forbid a Christian should *this day* want it! or at any time look upon such a distress, and pass by on the other side. Rather let him do, as his Saviour taught him, *bind up the wounds, and pour comfort into the heart of one, whom the hand of God has so bruised.* Let him practise what it is, with *Elijah's* transport, to say to the afflicted widow,—*See, thy Son liveth!* liveth by my charity, and the bounty of this hour, to all the purposes which make life desirable,—to be made a good man, and a profitable subject: on one hand, to be trained up to such a sense of his duty, as may secure him an interest in the world to come;

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and

and with regard to this world, to be so brought up in it to a love of honest labour and industry, as all his life long to earn and eat his bread with joy and thankfulness.

SERM. V. P. 112.

COMPASSION.

I CANNOT conceive but that the very *mechanical motions* which maintain life, must be performed with more equal vigour and freedom in that man whom a great and good soul perpetually inclines to shew mercy to the miserable, than they can be in a poor, fordid, selfish wretch, whose little contracted heart melts at no man's affliction; but sits brooding so intently over its own plots and concerns, as to see and feel nothing; and in truth, enjoy nothing beyond himself: and of whom one may say what that great master of nature has, speaking of a natural sense of harmony, which I think with more justice may be said of compassion, that the man who had it not,——

Was

—Was fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils :
 The MOTIONS of his spirits are dull as night ;
 And his affections dark as EREBUS :
 —Let no such man be trusted :

SERM. V. P. 102.

H A P P I N E S S.

THE great pursuit of man is after happiness :
 it is the first and strongest desire of his nature ;—in every stage of his life, he searches for it as for hid treasure ; courts it under a thousand different shapes,—and though perpetually disappointed,—still persists,—runs after and enquires for it afresh—asks every passenger who comes in his way, *Who will shew him any good ?* who will assist him in the attainment of it or direct him to the discovery of this great end of all his wishes ?

He is told by one to search for it among the more gay and youthful pleasures of life, in scenes of mirth and sprightliness, where happiness ever presides, and is ever to be known by the joy and laughter which he will see at once painted in her looks. A second, with a graver aspect, points

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out

out to the costly dwellings which pride and extravagance have erected:—tells the enquirer that the object he is in search of inhabits there,—that happiness lives only in company with the great, in the midst of much pomp and outward state. That he will easily find her out by the coat of many colours she has on, and the great luxury and expence of equipage and furniture with which she always sits surrounded.

The Miser blesses God!—wonders how any one would mislead and wilfully put him upon so wrong a scent—convinces him that happiness and extravagance never inhabited under the same roof;—that if he would not be disappointed in his search, he must look into the plain and thrifty dwellings of the prudent man, who knows and understands the worth of money, and cautiously lays it up against an evil hour: that it is not the prostitution of wealth upon the passions, or the parting with it at all that constitutes happiness—but that it is the keeping it together, and the having and holding it fast to him and his heirs for ever, which are the chief attributes that form this great idol of human worship, to which so much incense is offered up every day.

The

The Epicure, though he easily rectifies so gross a mistake, yet at the same time he plunges him, if possible, into a greater; for hearing the object of his pursuit to be happiness, and knowing of no other happiness than what is seated immediately in his senses—he sends the enquirer there;—tells him 'tis in vain to search elsewhere for it, than where nature herself has placed it—in the indulgence and gratification of the appetites, which are given us for that end: and in a word—if he will not take his opinion in the matter—he may trust the word of a much wiser man, who has assured us—that there is nothing better in this world, than that a man should eat and drink and rejoice in his works, and make his soul enjoy good in his labour for that is his portion.

To rescue him from this brutal experiment—ambition takes him by the hand and carries him into the world,—shews him all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them,—points out the many ways of advancing his fortune and raising himself to honour,—lays before his eyes all the charms and bewitching temptations of power, and asks if there can be any happiness in this world like that of being caressed, courted, flattered, and followed?

To close all, the philosopher meets him bustling in the full career of this pursuit—stops him—tells him, if he is in search of happiness, he is far gone out of his way. That this deity has long been banished from noise and tumults, where there was no rest found for her, and was fled into solitude far from all commerce of the world; and, in a word, if he would find her, he must leave this busy and intriguing scene, and go back to that peaceful scene of retirement and books, from which he first set out.

In this circle too often does a man run, tries all experiments, and generally sits down wearied and dissatisfied with them all at last—in utter despair of ever accomplishing what he wants—nor knowing what to trust to after so many disappointments; or where to lay the fault, whether in the incapacity of his own nature, or in the insufficiency of the enjoyments themselves.

SERM. I. P. I.

TRIBUTE

TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION.

MY heart stops me to pay to thee, my dear uncle *Toby*, once for all, the tribute I owe thy goodness;—here let me thrust my chair aside, and kneel down upon the ground, whilst I am pouring forth the warmest sentiments of love for thee, and veneration for the excellency of thy character, that ever virtue and nature kindled in a nephew's bosom.—Peace and comfort rest for evermore upon thy head!—Thou enviedst no man's comforts,—insultedst no man's opinions.—Thou blackenedst no man's character,—devouredst no man's bread: gently, with faithful *Trim* behind thee, didst thou amble round the little circle of thy pleasures, jostling no creature in thy way:—for each one's sorrows thou hadst a tear,—for each man's need thou hadst a shilling. Whilst I am worth one, to pay a weeder,—thy path from thy door to thy bowling green shall never be grown up.—Whilst there is a rood and a half of land in the *Shandy* family, thy fortifications, my dear uncle *Toby*, shall never be demolish'd.

T. SHANDY, VOL. II. CHAP. 27.

POWER.

POWER OF SLIGHT INCIDENTS.

IT is curious to observe the triumph of slight incidents over the mind ;—What incredible weight they have in forming and governing our opinions, both of men and things—that trifles light as air, shall waft a belief into the soul, and plant it so immoveable within it,—that Euclid's demonstrations, could they be brought to batter it in breach, should not all have power to overthrow it.

T. SHANDY, VOL. II. CHAP. 62.

CROSSES IN LIFE.

MANY, many are the ups and downs of life, and fortune must be uncommonly gracious to that mortal who does not experience a great variety of them :—though perhaps to these may be owing as much of our pleasures as our pains : there are scenes of delight in the vale as well as the mountain ; and the inequalities of nature

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ture may not be less necessary to please the eye—Than the varieties of life to improve the heart. At best we are but a short-sighted race of beings, with just light enough to discern our way—to do that is our duty, and should be our care; when a man has done this, he is safe, the rest is of little consequence—

Cover his head with a turf or a stone,

It is all one, it is all one!

LETTER, IV. TO HIS FRIENDS.

THE CONTRAST.

THINGS are carried on in this world, sometimes so contrary to all our reasonings, and the seeming probabilities of success,—that even the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;—nay, what is stranger still—nor yet bread to the wise, who should last stand in want of it,—nor yet riches to the men of understanding, who you would think best qualified to acquire them,—nor yet favour to men of skill, whose merit and pretences bid the fairest for it,—but that there are some secret and unseen workings
in

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in human affairs, which baffle all our endeavours, and turn aside the course of things in such a manner,—that the most likely causes disappoint and fail of producing for us the effect which we wished, and naturally expected from them.

You will see a man, of whom was you to form a conjecture from the appearances of things in his favour,—you would say was setting out in the world, with the fairest prospect of making his fortune in it;—with all the advantages of birth to recommend him,—of personal merit to speak for him,—and of friends to push him forwards: you will behold him, notwithstanding this, disappointed in every effect you might naturally have looked for, from them; every step he takes towards his advancement, something invisible shall pull him back, some unforeseen obstacle shall rise up perpetually in his way, and keep there.—In every application he makes—some untoward circumstance shall blast it.—He shall rise early,—late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness,—yet some happier man shall rise up, and ever step in before him, and leave him struggling to the end of his life, in the very same place in which he first began.

The

The history of a second, shall in all respects be the contrast to this. He shall come into the world with the most unpromising appearance,—shall set forwards without fortune, without friends—without talents to procure him either the one or the other. Nevertheless, you will see this clouded prospect brighten up insensibly, unaccountably before him; every thing presented in his way shall turn out beyond his expectations, in spite of that chain of unsurmountable difficulties which first threatened him,—time and chance shall open him a way,—a series of successful occurrences shall lead him by the hand to the summit of honour and fortune, and, in a word, without giving him the pains of thinking, or the credit of projecting, it shall place him in a safe possession of all that ambition could wish for.

SERMON VIII. PAGE 152.

SELFISHNESS.

SELFISHNESS AND MEANNESS,

THAT there is selfishness and meanness enough in the souls of one part of the world, to hurt the credit of the other part of it, is what I shall not dispute against; but to judge of the whole from this bad sample, and because one man is plotting and artful in his nature;—or, a second openly makes his pleasure or his profit the whole center of all his designs;—or because a third strait-hearted wretch sits confined within himself,—feels no misfortunes, but those which touch himself; to involve the whole race without mercy under such detested characters, is a conclusion as false as it is pernicious; and was it in general to gain credit, could serve no end, but the rooting out of our nature all that is generous, and planting in the stead of it such an aversion to each other, as must untie the bands of society, and rob us of one of the greatest pleasures of it, the mutual communications of kind offices; and by poisoning the fountain, rendering every thing suspected that flows through it.

SERMON VII. PAGE 137.

V I C E.

VICE NOT WITHOUT USE.

THE lives of bad men are not without use,—and whenever such a one is drawn, not with a corrupt view to be admired,—but on purpose to be detested—it must excite such a horror against vice, as will strike indirectly the same good impression. And though it is painful to the last degree to paint a man in the shades which his vices have cast upon him, yet when it serves this end, it carries its own excuse with it.

SERMON IX. PAGE 173.

EFFECTS OF MISFORTUNE.

WHAT by successive misfortunes; by fail-
ings and cross accidents in trade; by miscarriage of projects:—what by unsuitable expenses of parents, extravagances of children, and the many other secret ways whereby riches make themselves wings and fly away; so many surprising revolutions do every day happen in
R families,

families, that it may not seem strange to say, that the posterity of some of the most liberal contributors here, in the changes which one century may produce, may possibly find shelter under this very plant which now they so kindly water. Nay so quickly sometimes has the wheel turned round, that many a man has lived to enjoy the benefit of that charity which his own piety projected.

SERMON V. P. 98.

YORICK'S OPINION OF GRAVITY.

SOMETIMES, in his wild way of talking, he would say that Gravity was an errant scoundrel; and he would add, of the most dangerous kind too,—because a fly one; and that he verily believed, more honest, well-meaning people were bubbled out of their goods and money by it in one twelvemonth, than by pocket-picking and shop-lifting in seven. In the naked temper which a merry heart discovered, he would say there was no danger,—but to itself:—whereas the very essence of gravity was design, and consequently deceit;—’twas a taught trick

trick to gain credit of the world for more sense and knowledge than a man was worth; and that, with all its pretensions,—it was no better, but often worse than what a French wit had long ago defined it, viz.—A mysterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind.

T. SHANDY, VOL. I. C. 2.

REFLECTION UPON MAN.

WHEN I reflect upon man; and take a view of that dark side of him which represents his life as open to so many causes of trouble—when I consider how oft we eat the bread of affliction, and that we are born to it, as to the portion of our inheritance—when one runs over the catalogue of all the crosses reckonings and sorrowful items with which the heart of man is overcharged, 'tis wonderful by what hidden resources the mind is enabled to stand it out, and bear itself up, as it does against the impositions laid upon our nature.

T. SHANDY, VOL. II. C. 42.

R E V E N G E.

REVENG E from some baneful corner shall level a tale of dishonour at thee, which no innocence of heart or integrity of conduct shall set right.

—The fortunes of thy house shall totter,—thy character, which led the way to them, shall bleed on every side of it,—thy faith questioned,—thy works belied,—thy wit forgotten,—thy learning trampled on. To wind up the last scene of thy tragedy, CRUELTY and COWARDICE, twin ruffians, hired and set on by MALICE in the dark, shall strike together at all thy infirmities and mistakes: the best of us lie open there,—and trust me,—trust me,—when, to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved upon, that an innocent and an helpless creature shall be sacrificed, 'tis an easy matter to pick up sticks enow from any thicket where it has strayed, to make a fire to offer it up with.

T. SHANDY, V. I. C. 12.

EJACULATION.

E J A C U L A T I O N.

TIME waffles too fast: every letter I trace tells me with what rapidity life follows my pen; the days and hours of it, more precious, my dear Jenny! than the rubies about thy neck, are flying over our heads like light clouds of a windy day, never to return more—every thing presses on—whilst thou art twisting that lock,—fee! it grows grey; and every time I kiss thy hand to bid adieu, and every absence which follows it, are preludes to that eternal separation which we are shortly to make.

T. SHANDY, V. IV. C. 67.

F A T A L I T Y.

THERE is a fatality attends the actions of some men: order them as they will, they pass through a certain medium which so twists and refracts them from their true directions—that, with all the titles to praise which a rectitude of heart can give, the doers of them are nevertheless forced to live and die without it.

T. SHANDY, V. I. C. 10.

CONJUGAL HAPPINESS.

IT must have been observed by many a peripatetic philosopher, that nature has set up by her own unquestionable authority certain boundaries and fences to circumscribe the discontent of man: she has effected her purpose in the quietest and easiest manner by laying him under almost insuperable obligations to work out his ease, and to sustain his sufferings at home. It is there only that she has provided him with the most suitable objects to partake of his happiness, and bear a part of that burden which, in all countries and ages, has ever been too heavy for one pair of shoulders. 'Tis true we are endued with an imperfect power of spreading our happiness sometimes beyond *her* limits, but 'tis so ordered, that from the want of languages, connections, and dependencies, and from the difference in education, customs and habits, we lie under so many impediments in communicating our sensations out of our own sphere, as often amount to a total impossibility.

SENT. JOUR. P. 13.

LIFE

L I F E O F M A N.

WHAT is the life of man! is it not to shift
from side to side!——from sorrow to
sorrow?—to button up one cause of vexation;
—and unbutton another!

T. SHANDY, VOL. II. C. 66.

TRIM'S EXPLANATION

O F T H E

F I F T H C O M M A N D M E N T.

—PRY'THEE, *Trim*, quoth my father,—
What do'st thou mean, by "*honouring*
thy father and mother?"

Allowing them, an' please your honour, three
halfpence a-day out of my pay, when they grew
old.—And didst thou do that, *Trim*? said *Yorick*.
—He did, indeed, replied my uncle *Toby*.—
Then

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Then, *Trim*, said *Yorick*, springing out of his chair, and taking the Corporal by the hand, thou art the best commentator upon that part of the *Decalogue* ; and I honour thee more for it, Corporal *Trim*, than if thou hadst had a hand in the *Talmud* itself.

T. SHANDY, V. III. C. 32.

H E A L T H.

O Blessed health ! thou art above all gold and treasure ; 'tis thou who enlargest the soul, —and openest all its powers to receive instruction, and to relish virtue.—He that has thee has little more to wish for ! and he that is so wretched as to want thee,—wants every thing with thee.

T. SHANDY, V. III. C. 33.

SOLITUDE.

SOLITUDE.

CROWDED towns, and busy societies, may delight the unthinking, and the gay—but solitude is the best nurse of wisdom.

LETTER III. TO HIS FRIENDS.

TRIBULATION.

THE way to Fame is like the way to Heaven—through much tribulation.

LETTER IX.

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP is the balm and cordial of life, and without it, 'tis a heavy load not worth sustaining.

LETTER LXXX.

SOLITUDE.

S O L I T U D E.

IN solitude the mind gains strength, and learns to lean upon herself:—in the world it seeks or accepts of a few treacherous supports—the feigned compassion of one—the flattery of a second—the civilities of a third—the friendship of a fourth—they all deceive, and bring the mind back to retirement, reflection, and books.

LETTER LXXXII.

F L A T T E R Y.

DELICIOUS essence! how refreshing art thou to nature! how strongly are all its powers and all its weaknesses on thy side! how sweetly dost thou mix with the blood, and help it through the most difficult and tortuous passages to the heart.

SENT. JOUR. P. 210.

PERFECTION.

P E R F E C T I O N.

MAN has a certain compass, as well as an instrument ; and the social and other calls have occasion by turns for every key in him ; so that if you begin a note too high or too low, there must be a want either in the upper or under part, to fill up the system of harmony.—

A polished nation makes every one its debtor ; and besides, urbanity itself, like the fair sex, has so many charms, it goes against the heart to say, it can do ill ; and yet, I believe, there is but a certain line of perfection, that man, take him altogether, is empowered to arrive at—if he gets beyond, he rather exchanges qualities, than gets them. I must not presume to say, how far this has affected the French—But should it ever be the case of the English in the progress of their resentments to arrive at the same polish which distinguishes the French, if we did not lose the *politesse de cœur*, which inclines men more to humane actions, than courteous ones—we should at least lose that distinct variety and originality of character, which distinguishes them,

them, not only from each other, but from all the world besides.

SENT. JOUR. P. 171.

F O R G I V E N E S S .

THE brave only know how to forgive ;—it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at.—Cowards have done good and kind actions*,—cowards have even fought—nay sometimes even conquered ; but a coward never forgave.—It is not in his nature ;—the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of soul, conscious of its own force and security, and above the little temptations of resenting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness.

SERM. XII. P. 244

* Christian Hero.

F A V O U R

F A V O U R S.

IN returning favours, we act differently from what we do in conferring them: in the one case we simply consider what is best,—in the other what is most acceptable. The reason is, that we have a right to act according to our own ideas of what will do the party most good, in the case where we bestow a favour;—but where we return one, we lose this right, and act according to his conceptions, who has obliged us, and endeavour to repay in such a manner as we think it most likely to be accepted in discharge of the obligation.

SERM. XIII. P. 260.

R U S T I C F E L I C I T Y.

MANY are the silent pleasures of the honest peasant; who rises cheerfully to his labour:—look into his dwelling,—where the scene of every man's happiness chiefly lies:—

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he has the same domestic endearments,—as much joy and comfort in his children, and as flattering hopes of their doing well,—to enliven his hours and glad his heart, as you could conceive in the most affluent station.—And I make no doubt, in general, but if the true account of his joys and sufferings were to be balanced with those of his betters,—that the upshot would prove to be little more than this,—that the rich man had the more meat,—but the poor man the better stomach;—the one had more luxury,—more able physicians to attend and set him to rights;—the other, more health and soundness in his bones, and less occasion for their help;—that, after these two articles betwixt them were balanced,—in all other things they stood upon a level:—that the sun shines as warm,—the air blows as fresh,—and the earth breathes as fragrant upon the one as the other; and that they have an equal share in all the beauties and real benefits of nature.

SERM. XLIV. P. 260.

DIFFERENCE

DIFFERENCE IN MEN.

POVERTY, exile, loss of fame or friends, the death of children, the dearest of all pledges of a man's happiness, make not equal impressions upon every temper.—You will see one man undergo, with scarce the expence of a sigh,—what another, in the bitterness of his soul, would go mourning for all his life long :—nay, a hasty word, or an unkind look, to a soft and tender nature, will strike deeper than a sword to the hardened and senseless.—If these reflections hold true with regard to misfortunes,—they are the same with regard to enjoyments :—we are formed differently,—have different tastes and perceptions of things ;—by the force of habit, education, or a particular cast of mind,—it happens that neither the use or possession of the same enjoyments and advantages, produce the same happiness and contentment ;—but that it differs in every man almost according to his temper and complexion : so that the self-same happy accidents in life, which shall give raptures to the choleric or sanguine man, shall be received with

indifference by the cold and phlegmatic ;—and so oddly perplexed are the accounts of both human happiness and misery in this world,—that trifles, light as air, shall be able to make the hearts of some men sing for joy ;—at the same time that others, with real blessings and advantages, without the power of using them, have their hearts heavy and discontented.

Alas ! if the principles of contentment are not within us—the height of station and worldly grandeur will as soon add a cubit to a man's stature as to his happiness.

SERMON XLIV. P. 258.

AGAINST HASTY OPINION.

TH E R E are numbers of circumstances which attend every action of a man's life, which can never come to the knowledge of the world,—yet ought to be known, and well weighed, before sentence with any justice can be passed upon him.—A man may have different views and a different sense of things from what his judges have ; and what he understands and feels

feels and what passes within him, may be a secret treasured up deeply there for ever.—A man, through bodily infirmity, or some complectional defect, which perhaps is not in his power to correct, may be subject to inadvertences,—to starts—and unhappy turns of temper; he may lay open to snares he is not always aware of; or, through ignorance and want of information and proper helps, he may labour in the dark:—in all which cases, he may do many things which are wrong in themselves, and yet be innocent;—at least an object rather to be pitied than censured with severity and ill-will.—These are difficulties which stand in every one's way in the forming a judgment of the characters of others.

SERMON XLIV. P. 255.

V A N I T Y.

VANITY bids all her sons to be generous and brave, and her daughters to be chaste and courteous.—But why do we want her instructions?—Ask the comedian who is taught a part he feels not.—

SERMON XVII. P. 45.

AFFECTED HONESTY.

LOOK out of your door,—take notice of that man : see what disquieting, intriguing, and shifting, he is content to go through, merely to be thought a man of plain-dealing :—three grains of honesty would save him all this trouble—alas ! he has them not.—

SERMON XVII. P. 45.

AFFECTED PIETY.

BEHOLD a second, under a show of piety hiding the impunities of a debauched life :—he is just entering the house of God :—would he was more pure—or less pious :—but then he could not gain his point.

IBID. P. 46.

AFFECTED

AFFECTED SANCTITY.

OBERVE a third going on almost in the same track, with what an inflexible sanctity of deportment he sustains himself as he advances:—every line in his face writes abstinence;—every stride looks like a check upon his desires; see, I beseech you, how he is cloak'd up with sermons, prayers, and sacraments; and so bemuffled with the externals of religion, that he has not a hand to spare for a worldly purpose;—he has armour at least—Why does he put it on? Is there no serving God without all this? Must the garb of religion be extended so wide to the danger of its rending?—Yes truly, or it will not hide the secret—and, what is that?—That the saint has no religion at all.

SERMON XVII. P. 46.

OSTENTATIOUS

OSTENTATIOUS GENEROSITY.

—BUT here comes GENEROSITY; giving—not to a decayed artist—but to the arts and sciences themselves.—See,—he *builds not a chamber in the wall apart for the prophet*; but whole schools and colleges for those who come after. Lord! how they will magnify his name! 'tis in capitals already; the first—the highest, in the gilded rent-roll of every hospital and asylum.—

—One honest tear shed in private over the unfortunate, is worth it all.

SERMON XVII. P. 47.

O P I N I O N.

WE are perpetually in such engagements and situations, that 'tis our duties to speak what our opinions, are—but God forbid that this ever should be done but from its best motive

motive—The sense of what is due to virtue, governed by discretion and the utmost fellow-feeling: were we to go on otherwise, beginning with the great broad cloak of hypocrisy, and so down through all its little trimmings and facings, tearing away without mercy all that look'd seemly,—we should leave but a tatter'd world of it.

SERMON XVII. P. 50

DEFAMATION.

DOES humanity clothe and educate the unknown orphan?—Poverty thou hast no genealogies:—See! is he not the father of the child? Thus do we rob heroes of the best part of their glory—their virtue. Take away the motive of the act, you take away all that is worth having in it;—wrest it to ungenerous ends, you load the virtuous man who did it with infamy:—undo it all—I beseech you, give him back his honour,—restore the jewel you have taken from him—replace him in the eye of the world——

It is too late.

IBID. P. 52.

TYRANNY.

T Y R A N N Y.

IT is the mild and quiet half of the world, who are generally outraged and borne down by the other half of it; but in this they have the advantage; whatever be the sense of their wrongs, that pride stands not so watchful a sentinel over their forgiveness, as it does in the breasts of the fierce and froward; we should all of us, I believe, be more forgiving than we are, would the world but give us leave; but it is apt to interpose its ill offices in remissions, especially of this kind: the truth is, it has its laws, to which the heart is not always a party; and acts so like an unfeeling engine in all cases without distinction, that it requires all the firmness of the most settled humanity to bear up against it.

SERMON XVIII, P. 61.

R E L I G I O N.

THERE are no principles but those of religion to be depended on in cases of real distress, and that these are able to encounter the worst emergencies; and to bear us up under all the charges and chances to which our life is subject.

SERMON XV. P. 12.

ELOQUENCE,

ELOQUENCE.

GREAT is the power of eloquence; but never is it so great as when it pleads along with nature, and the culprit is a child strayed from his duty, and returned to it again with tears.

SERMON XX. P. 101.

GENEROSITY.

GENEROSITY sorrows as much for the overmatched, as Pity herself does.

IBID.

SOCIETY.

NOTWITHSTANDING all we meet with in books, in many of which, no doubt, there are a good many handsome things said upon the sweets of retirement, &c. . . . yet still "*it is not*
"*good*

“good for man to be alone:” nor can all which the cold-hearted pedant stuns our ears with upon the subject, ever give one answer of satisfaction to the mind; in the midst of the loudest vauntings of philosophy, Nature will have her yearnings for society and friendship;—a good heart wants some object to be kind to—and the best parts of our blood, and the purest of our spirits, suffer most under the destitution.

Let the torpid Monk seek heaven comfortless and alone——God speed him! For my own part, I fear, I should never so find the way: let me be wise and religious——but let me be Man: wherever thy Providence places me, or whatever be the road I take to get to thee—give me some companion in my journey, be it only to remark to, How our shadows lengthen as the sun goes down;—to whom I may say, How fresh is the face of Nature! How sweet the flowers of the field! How delicious are these fruits!

SERMON XVIII. P. 60.

DISSATISFACTION.

DISSATISFACTION.

I PITY the men whose natural pleasures are burdens, and who fly from joy (as these splenetic and morose souls do), as if it was really an evil in itself.

SERM. XXII. P. 145.

SORROW AND HEAVINESS OF HEART.

IF there is an evil in this world, 'tis sorrow and heaviness of heart.—The loss of goods, —of health, —of coronets and mitres, are only evils as they occasion sorrow ;—take that out—the rest is fancy, and dwelleth only in the head of man.

Poor unfortunate creature that he is ! as if the causes of anguish in the heart were not enough—but he must fill up the measure with those of caprice ; and not only walk in a vain shadow,—but disquiet himself in vain too.

We are a restless set of beings ; and as we are likely to continue so to the end of the world,—

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the best we can do in it, is to make the same use of this part of our character, which wise men do of other bad propensities——when they find they cannot conquer them,—they endeavour, at least to divert them into good channels.

If therefore we must be a solicitous race of self-tormentors,—let us drop the common objects which make us so,—and for God's sake be solicitous only to live well.

SERM. XXIX. P. 145.

ROOTED OPINION NOT EASILY ERADICATED.

HOW difficult you will find it to convince a miserly heart, that any thing is good which is not profitable ! or a libertine one, that any thing is bad, which is pleasant !

SERM. XXIII. P. 163.

D E A T H.

THERE are many instances of men, who have received the news of death with the greatest ease of mind, and even entertained the thoughts

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thoughts of it with smiles upon their countenances,—and this, either from strength of spirits and the natural cheerfulness of their temper,—or that they knew the world, and cared not for it—or expected a better—yet thousands of good men, with all the helps of philosophy, and against all the assurances of a well-spent life, that the change must be to their account,—upon the approach of death have still lean'd towards this world, and wanted spirits and resolution to bear the shock of a separation from it for ever.

SERM. XVII. P. 37.

S O R R O W.

SWEET is the look of sorrow for an offence, in a heart determined never to commit it more!—upon that altar only could I offer up my wrongs.

SERM. XVIII. P. 64.

S I M P L I C I T Y.

SIMPLICITY is the great friend to Nature, and if I would be proud of any thing in this silly world, it should be of this honest alliance.

SERMON XXIV. P. 187.

C O V E T O U S N E S S.

TO know truly what it is, we must know what masters it serves;—they are many, and of various casts and humours,—and each one lends it something of its own complexional tint and character.

This, I suppose, may be the cause that there is a greater and more whimsical mystery in the love of money, than in the darkest and most nonsensical problem that ever was pored on.

Even at the best, and when the passion seems to seek something more than its own amusement,
—there

—there is little—very little, I fear, to be said for its humanity.—It may be a sport to the Miser,—but consider,—it must be death and destruction to others.—The moment this sordid humour begins to govern—farewell all honest and natural affection! farewell, all he owes to parents, to children, to friends!—how fast the obligations vanish! see—he is now stripped of all feelings whatever: the shrill cry of justice—and the low lamentation of humble distress, are notes equally beyond his compass. —Eternal God! see!—he passes by one whom thou hast just bruised, without one pensive reflection:—he enters the cabin of the widow whose husband and child thou hast taken to thyself,—exact's his bond, without a sigh!—Heaven! if I am to be tempted,—let it be by glory,—by ambition,—by some generous and manly vice:—if I must fall, let it be by some passion which thou hast planted in my nature, which shall not harden my heart, but leave me room at last to retreat and come back to thee!

SERMON XIX. P. 81.

HUMILITY.

HE that is little in his own eyes, is little too in his desires, and consequently moderate in his pursuit of them: like another man he may fail in his attempts and lose the point he aimed at,—but that is all,—he loses not himself,—he loses not his happiness and peace of mind with it,—even the contentions of the humble man are mild and placid.—Blessed character! when such a one is thrust back who does not pity him?—when he falls, who would not stretch out a hand to raise him up?

SERMON XXV. P. 193.

PATIENCE AND CONTENTMENT.

PATIENCE and Contentment,—which like the treasure hid in the field for which a man sold all he had to purchase—is of that price that it cannot be had at too great a purchase, since without it the best condition in life cannot make

us happy,—and with it, it is impossible we should be miserable even in the worst.

SERMON XV. P. 16.

HUMILITY CONTRASTED WITH PRIDE.

WHEN we reflect upon the character of Humility,—we are apt to think it stands the most naked and defenceless of all virtues whatever,—the least able to support its claims against the insolent antagonist who seems ready to bear him down, and all opposition which such a temper can make.

Now, if we consider him as standing alone,—no doubt, in such a case he will be overpowered and trampled upon by his opposer;—but if we consider the meek and lowly man, as he is—fenced and guarded by the love, the friendship and wishes of all mankind,—that the other stands alone, hated, discountenanced, without one true friend or hearty well-wisher on his side:—when this is balanced, we shall have reason to change our opinion, and be convinced that the humble man, strengthened with such an alliance, is far from

from being so overmatched as at first sight he may appear;—nay I believe one might venture to go further and engage for it, that in all such cases where real fortitude and true personal courage were wanted, he is much more likely to give proof of it, and I would sooner look for it in such a temper than in that of his adversary. Pride may make a man violent,—but Humility will make him firm:—and which of the two, do you think, likely to come off with honour?—he who acts from the changeable impulse of heated blood, and follows the uncertain motions of his pride and fury,—or the man who stands cool and collected in himself;—who governs his resentments instead of being governed by them, and on every occasion acts upon the steady motives of principle and duty.

SERMON XXV. P. 193.

WITH regard to the provocations and offences which are unavoidably happening to a man in his commerce with the world,—take it as a rule,—as a man's pride is,—so is always his displeasure; as the opinion of himself rises,—so does the injury,—so does his resentment: 'tis this which gives edge and force to the instrument which has struck him,—and excites that heat in the wound which renders it incurable.

See

See how different the case is with the humble man: one half of these painful conflicts he actually escapes; the other part fall lightly on him:—he provokes no man by contempt; thrusts himself forward as the mark of no man's envy; so that he cuts off the first fretful occasions of the greatest part of these evils; and for those in which the passions of others would involve him, like the humble shrub in the valley, gently gives way, and scarce feels the injury of those stormy encounters which rend the proud cedar, and tear it up by its roots.

SERMON XXV. P. 190.

P R I D E.

THE proud man,—see!—he is sore all over; touch him—you put him to pain: and though of all others, he acts as if every mortal was void of all sense and feeling, yet is possessed with so nice and exquisite a one himself, that the slights, the little neglects and instances of disesteem, which would be scarce felt by another man, are perpetually wounding him, and oft times piercing him to his very heart.

SERMON XXIV. P. 174.

Pride

Pride is a vice which grows up in society so insensibly ;—steals in unobserved upon the heart upon so many occasions ;—forms itself upon such strange pretensions, and when it has done, veils itself under such a variety of unsuspected appearances,—sometimes even under that of Humility itself ;—in all which cases, Self-love, like a false friend, instead of checking, most treacherously feeds this humour,—points out some excellence in every soul to make him vain, and think more highly of himself than he ought to think ;—that upon the whole, there is no one weakness into which the heart of man is more easily betrayed—or which requires greater helps of good sense and good principles to guard against.

SERMON XXIV. P. 177.

B E A U T Y.

BEAUTY has so many charms, one knows not how to speak against it ; and when it happens that a graceful figure is the habitation of a virtuous soul, when the beauty of the face speaks out the modesty and humility of the mind, and the

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the justness of the proportion raises our thoughts up to the heart and wisdom of the great Creator something may be allowed it,—and something to the embellishments which set it off;—and yet, when the whole apology is read,—it will be found at last, that Beauty, like Truth, never is so glorious as when it goes the plainest.

SERMON XXIV. P. 187.

W I S D O M.

LESSONS of Wisdom have never such power over us, as when they are wrought into the heart through the ground-work of a story which engages the passions: Is it that we are like iron, and must first be heated before we can be wrought upon? or, is the heart so in love with deceit, that where a true report will not reach it, we must cheat it with a fable, in order to come at truth.

SERMON XX. P. 93

HUNGER.

H U N G E R.

OF all the terrors of nature, that of one day or other dying by hunger, is the greatest, and it is wisely wove into our frame to awaken man to industry, and call forth his talents; and though we seem to go on carelessly, sporting with it as we do with other terrors,—yet, he that sees this enemy fairly, and in his most frightful shape, will need no long remonstrance to make him turn out of the way to avoid him.

SERMON XX. P. 98.

D I S T R E S S.

NOTHING so powerfully calls home the mind as distress: the tense fibre then relaxes,—the soul retires to itself,—sits pensive and susceptible of right impressions: if we have a friend, 'tis then we think of him; if a benefactor, at that moment all his kindnesses press upon our mind.

SERMON XX. P. 97.

I M P O S T U R E.

WHAT a problematic set of creatures does simulation make us ! who would divine that all that anxiety and concern, so visible in the airs of one half of that great assembly, should arise from nothing else, but that the other half of it may think them to be men of consequence, penetration, parts and conduct ?—What a noise amongst the claimants about it ! Behold *Humility* out of mere pride ;—and *Honesty*, almost out of knavery :—*Chastity* never once in harm's way : and *Courage* like a Spanish soldier upon an Italian stage—a bladder full of wind.

Hark ! that, the sound of that trumpet,—let not my soldier run,—it is some good Christian giving alms. O, PITY ! thou gentlest of human passions ! soft and tender are thy notes, and ill accord they with so loud an instrument,

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Thus

Thus something jars, and will for ever jar in these cases.

Imposture is all dissonance, let what master soever of it undertake the part; let him harmonise and modulate it as he may, one tone will contradict another; and whilst we have ears to hear, we shall distinguish it: 'tis truth only which is consistent and ever in harmony with itself: it sits upn our lips, like the natural notes of some melodies, ready to drop out, whether we will or no;—it racks no invention to let ourselves alone, and needs fear no critic, to have the same excellency in the heart, which appears in the action.

SERM. XVII. P. 48.

CONTENTMENT.

THERE is scarce any lot so low, but there is something in it to satisfy the man whom it has befallen; providence having so ordered things, that in every man's cup how bitter
 soever

soever, there are some cordial drops—some good circumstances, which, if wisely extracted, are sufficient for the purpose he wants them,—that is, to make him contented, and if not happy, at least resigned.

SERM. XV. P. 19.

E V I L S.

UNWILLINGLY does the mind digest the evils prepared for it by others ;—for those we prepare ourselves,—we eat but the fruit which we have planted and watered :—a shattered fortune—a shattered frame, so we have but the satisfaction of shattering them ourselves, pass naturally enough into the habit, and by the ease with which they are both done, they save the spectator a world of pity : but for those, like Jacob's, brought upon him by the hands from which he looked for all his comforts,—the avarice of a parent—the unkindness of a relation,—the ingratitude of a child,—they are evils which leave a scar ;—besides, as they hang over the heads of all, and therefore may fall upon any ;—every looker-on has an interest in

the tragedy ;—but then we are apt to interest ourselves no otherwise, than merely as the incidents themselves strike our passions, without carrying the lesson further :—in a word—we realize nothing :—we sigh—we wipe away the tear,—and there ends the story of misery, and the moral with it.

SERMON XXII. P. 134.

O P P R E S S I O N.

SOLOMON says, Oppression will make a wise man mad.—What will it do then to a tender and ingenuous heart, which feels itself neglected,—too full of reverence for the author of its wrongs to complain?—see, it sits down in silence, robbed by discouragements, of all its natural powers to please,—born to see others loaded with caresses—in some uncheery corner it nourishes its discontent,—and with a weight upon its spirits, which its little stock of fortitude is not able to withstand,—it droops and pines away.—Sad victim of caprice !

SERMON XXII. P. 136.

V I R T U E

V I R T U E A N D V I C E.

WHOEVER considers the state and condition of human nature, and upon this view, how much stronger the natural motives are to virtue than to vice, would expect to find the world much better than it is, or ever has been.—for who would suppose the generality of mankind to betray so much folly, as to act against the common interest of their own kind, as every man does who yields to the temptation of what is wrong.

SERMON XXXIII. P. 61.

S I N.

NO motives have been great enough to restrain those from sin who have secretly loved it, and only sought pretences for the practice of it.

SERMON XXXIII. P. 62.

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SINCERITY.

SINCERITY.

AN inward sincerity will of course influence the outward deportment; but where the one is wanting, there is great reason to suspect the absence of the other.

SERMON XLIII. P. 246.

WISDOM.

THERE is no one project to which the whole race of mankind is so universally a bubble, as to that of being thought wise: and the affectation of it is so visible, in men of all complexions, that you every day see some one or other so very solicitous to establish the character, as not to allow himself leisure to do the things which fairly win it:—expending more art and stratagem to appear so in the eyes of the world, than what would suffice to make him so in truth.

It is owing to the force of this desire, that you see in general there is no injury touches a man so sensibly, as an insult upon his parts and capacity:

capacity: tell a man of other defects, that he wants learning, industry or application,—he will hear your reproof with patience.—Nay you may go further: take him in a proper season, you may tax his morals,—you may tell him he is irregular in his conduct,—passionate or revengeful in his nature—loose in his principles;—deliver it with the gentleness of a friend,—possibly he'll not only bear with you,—but, if ingenuous, he will thank you for your lecture, and promise a reformation:—but hint,—hint but at a defect in his intellectuals,—touch but that sore place,—from that moment you are look'd upon as an enemy sent to torment him before his time, and in return may reckon upon his resentment and ill-will for ever: so that in general you will find it safer to tell a man, he is a knave than a fool,—and stand a better chance of being forgiven, for proving he has been wanting in a point of common honesty, than a point of common sense.—Strange souls that we are! as if to live well was not the greatest argument of wisdom;—and, as if what reflected upon our morals, did not most of all reflect upon our understandings!

SERMON XXVI. P. 207.

CORPORAL.

CORPORAL TRIM'S

REFLECTIONS ON DEATH.

MY young master in *London* is dead! said
Obadiah.—

—A green fatten night-gown of my mother's which had been twice scoured, was the first idea which *Obadiah's* exclamation brought into *Susannah's* head.—Then, quoth *Susannah*, we must all go into mourning.—

—Oh! 'twill be the death of my poor Mistress, cried *Susannah*.—my mother's whole wardrobe followed.—What a procession! her red damask—her orange-tawny,—her white and yellow-lute strings,—her brown taffata,—her bone-laced caps, her bed-gowns,—and comfortable under-petticoats,—Not a rag was left behind.—No, —*she will never look up again,*" said *Susannah*.

We had a fat, foolish scullion—my father, I think, kept her for her simplicity;—she had been all autumn struggling with a dropsy.—He is
 dead!

dead!—said *Obadiah*,—he is certainly dead!—
So am not I, said the foolish scullion.

—Here is sad news, *Trim*! cried *Susannah*,
wiping her eyes, as *Trim* stepp'd into the kitchen,
—master *Bobby* is dead and buried,—the funeral
was an interpolation of *Susannah's*, we shall have
all to go into mourning, said *Susannah*.

I hope not, said *Trim*!—You hope not! cried
Susannah earnestly.—The mourning ran not in
Trim's head, whatever it did in *Susannah's*—I
hope—said *Trim*, explaining himself, I hope in
God the news is not true. I heard the letter
read with my own ears, answered *Obadiah*; Oh!
he's dead, said *Susannah*,—As sure, said the
scullion, as I am alive.

I lament for him from my heart and my soul,
said *Trim*, fetching a sigh.—Poor creature!—
poor boy! poor gentleman!

—He was alive last *Whitsuntide*, said the coach-
man.—*Whitsuntide*! alas! cried *Trim*, extending
his right arm, and falling instantly into the same
attitude in which he read the sermon,—what is
Whitsuntide, *Jonathan*, (for that was the coach-
man's

man's name), or *Shrovetide*, or any tide, or time past, to this? Are we not here now, continued the Corporal, (striking the end of his stick perpendicularly upon the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability)—and are we not—(dropping his hat upon the ground) gone! in a moment!—'Twas infinitely striking! *Susannah* burst into a flood of tears.—We are not stocks and stones.—*Jonathan*, *Obadiah*, the cook-maid, all melted.—The foolish fat scullion herself, who was scouring a fish-kettle upon her knees, was roused with it.—The whole kitchen crouded about the Corporal.

—To us, *Jonathan*, who know not what want or care is,—who live here in the service of two of the best of masters—(bating in my own case his Majesty King *William* the Third, whom I had the honour to serve both in *Ireland* and *Flanders*)—I own it, that from *Whitsuntide* to within three weeks of *Christmas*,—'tis not long—'tis like nothing;—but to those, *Jonathan*, who know what death is, and what havock and destruction he can make, before a man can well wheel about,—'tis like a whole age.—O *Jonathan*! 'twould make a good-natured man's heart bleed,

bleed, to consider, continued the Corporal,) standing perpendicularly), how low many a brave and upright fellow has been laid since that time! —And trust me, *Susy*, added the Corporal, turning to *Susannah*, whose eyes were swimming in water, —before that time comes round again, —many a bright eye will be dim. —*Susannah* placed it to the right side of the page — she wept — but she curstified too. —Are we not, continued *Trim*, looking still at *Susannah*, —are we not like a flower of the field — a tear of pride stole in betwixt every two tears of humiliation — else no tongue could have described *Susannah's* affliction — is not all flesh grass? — 'Tis clay, — 'tis dirt. — They all look'd directly at the scullion, — the scullion had just been scouring a fish-kettle — It was not fair. —

—What is the finest face that ever man looked at! — I could hear *Trim* talk so for ever, cried *Susannah*, what is it! (*Susannah* laid her hand upon *Trim's* shoulder) — but corruption? — *Susannah* took it off.

—Now I love you for this — and 'tis this delicious mixture within you, which makes you
dear

dear creatures what you are—and he who hates you for it—All I can say of the matter is—That he has either a pumpkin for his head—or a pippen for his heart,—and whenever he is dif-fected it will be found so.

For my own part, I declare it, that out of doors, I value not death at all: —not this . . added the Corporal, snapping his fingers,—but with an air which no one but the Corporal could have given to the sentiment.—In battle, I value death not this ... and let him not take me coward-ly, like poor *Joe Gibbins*, in scouring his gun.—What is he? A pull of a trigger—a push of a bayonet an inch this way or that—makes the difference.—Look along the line—to the right—see! *Jack's* down! well,—'tis worth a regi-ment of horse to him.—No—'tis *Dick*. Then *Jack's* no worse. Never mind which,—we pass on,—in hot pursuit the wound itself which brings him is not felt,—the best way is to stand up to him,—the man who flies, is in ten times more danger than the man who marches up into his jaws.—I've look'd him, added the Corporal, an hundred times in the face,—and know what he is—He's nothing, *Obadiah*, at all in the field.—But he's very frightful in a house, quoth *Oba-diah*.—

diah.—I never mind 'it myself, said *Jonathan*, upon a coach-box.

I pity my mistress.—She will never get the better of it, cried *Susannah*.—Now I pity the Captain the most of any one in the family, answered *Trim*.—Madam will get ease of heart in weeping,—and the Squire in talking about it,—but my poor master will keep it all in silence to himself.—I shall hear him sigh in his bed for a whole month together, as he did for Lieutenant *Le Fever*. An' please your honour, do not sigh so piteously, I would say to him as I laid beside him. I cannot help it, *Trim*, my master would say,—'tis so melancholy an accident—I cannot get it off my heart.—Your honour fears not death yourself.—I hope, *Trim*, I fear nothing, he would say, but the doing a wrong thing.—Well, he would add, whatever betides, I will take care of *Le Fever's* boy.—And with that, like a quieting draught, his honour would fall asleep.

I like to hear *Trim's* stories about the Captain, said *Susannah*.—He is a kindly-hearted gentleman, said *Obadiah*, as ever lived.—Aye,—and as brave a one too, said the Corporal, as ever

stept before a platoon. There never was a better officer in the king's army,—or a better man in God's world ; for he would march up to the mouth of a cannon, though he saw the lighted match at the very touch-hole,—and yet, for all that, he has a heart as soft as a child for other people.—He would not hurt a chicken.—I would sooner, quoth *Jonathan*, drive such a gentleman for seven pounds a year—than some for eight.—Thank thee, *Jonathan*! for thy twenty shillings,—as much, *Jonathan*, said the Corporal, shaking him by the hand, as if thou hadst put the money into my own pocket.—I would serve him to the day of my death out of love. He is a friend and a brother to me,—and could I be sure my poor brother *Tom* was dead,—continued the Corporal, taking out his handkerchief,—was I worth ten thousand pounds, I would leave every shilling of it to the Captain.—*Trim* could not refrain from tears at this testamentary proof he gave of his affection to his master.—The whole kitchen was affected.

TRIS. SHANDY, VOL. III. C. 7.

MR. SHANDY'S RESIGNATION

FOR THE

LOSS OF HIS SON.

PHILOSOPHY has a fine saying for every thing—For *Death* it has an entire set.

“ ’Tis an inevitable chance—the first statute
“ in *Magna Charta*——it is an everlasting act
“ of parliament—*All must die.*”

“ Monarchs and princes dance in the same
“ ring with us.”

“ —*To die*, is the great debt and tribute due
“ unto nature: tombs and monuments, which
“ should perpetuate our memories, pay it them-
“ selves; and the proudest pyramid of them all;
“ which wealth and science have erected, has
“ lost its apex, and stands obtruncated in the
“ traveller’s horizon.—Kingdoms and provin-
“ ces, and towns and cities, have they not their
“ periods?

“ periods? and when those principles and powers,
 “ which at first cemented and put them toge-
 “ ther, have performed their several Revolu-
 “ tions, they fall back.”——

“ Where is *Troy*, and *Mycenæ*, and *Thebes*, and
 “ *Delos*, and *Persepolis*, and *Agrigentum*?—
 “ What is become of *Nineveh* and *Babylon*, of
 “ *Cyzicum*, and *Mitylenæ*? The fairest towns
 “ that ever the sun rose upon are now no more:
 “ the names only are left, and those [for many
 “ of them are wrong spelt] are falling them-
 “ selves by piece-meals to decay, and in length
 “ of time will be forgotten, and involved with
 “ every thing in a perpetual night: the world
 “ itself must—must come to an end.”

“ Returning out of *Asia*, when I sailed from
 “ *Ægina* towards *Megara*, I began to view the
 “ country round about. *Ægina* was behind me,
 “ *Megara* was before, *Pyræus* on the right hand,
 “ *Corinth* on the left,——What flourishing
 “ towns now prostrate upon the earth! Alas!
 “ alas! said I to myself, that man should disturb
 “ his soul for the loss of a child, when so much
 “ as this lies awfully buried in his presence.—

“ Remember,

“Remember, said I to myself again—remember thou art a man.”—

“My son is dead!—so much the better;—
“’tis a shame in such a tempest to have but
“one anchor.”

“But he is gone for ever from us!—be it so.
“He is got from under the hands of his barber before he was bald—he is but risen from a feast before he was surfeited—from a banquet before he had got drunken.”

“The *Thracians* wept when a child was
“born—and feasted and made merry when a
“man went out of the world; and with reason.
“Death opens the gate of fame, and shuts the
“gate of envy after it—it unlooses the chain
“of the captive, and puts the bondsman’s task
“into another man’s hands.”

“Shew me the man, who knows what life is,
“who dreads it, and I’ll shew thee a prisoner
“who dreads his liberay.”

CONTENTMENT.

THERE are thousands so extravagant in their ideas of contentment, as to imagine that it must consist in having every thing in this world turn out the way they wish—that they are to sit down in happiness, and feel themselves so at ease at all points, as to desire nothing better and nothing more. I own there are instances of some, who seem to pass through the world as if all their paths had been strewed with rose-buds of delight;—but a little experience will convince us, 'tis a fatal expectation to go upon.—We are born to trouble; and we may depend upon it whilst we live in this world we shall have it, though with intermissions—that is, in whatever state we are, we shall find a mixture of good and evil; and therefore the true way to contentment is to know how to receive these certain vicissitudes of life,—the returns of good and evil, so as neither to be exalted by the one, or overthrown by the other, but to bear ourselves towards every thing which happens with such ease and indifference

ference of mind, as to hazard as little as may be. This is the true temperate climate fitted for us by nature, and in which every wise man would wish to live.

SERMON XV. PAGE 17.

E N M I T Y.

THERE is no small degree of malicious craft in fixing upon a season to give a mark of enmity and ill-will: a word—a look, which at one time would make no impression—at another time wounds the heart; and like a shaft flying with the wind, pierces deep, which, with its own natural force, would scarce have reached the object aimed at.

SERMON XVI P. 23.

S H A M E A N D D I S G R A C E.

THEY who have considered our nature, affirm, that shame and disgrace are two of the most insupportable evils of human life: the courage and spirits of many have mastered other misfortunes,

misfortunes, and borne themselves up against them; but the wisest and best of souls have not been a match for these; and we have many a tragical instance on record, what greater evils have been run into, merely to avoid this one.

Without this tax of infamy, poverty, with all the burdens it lays upon our flesh—so long as it is virtuous, could never break the spirits of a man; all its hunger, and pain, and nakedness, are nothing to it, they have some counterpoise of good; and besides they are directed by Providence, and must be submitted to: but those are afflictions not from the hand of God or Nature—*“for they do come forth of the DUST, and most properly may be said to spring out of the GROUND. and this is the reason they lay such stress upon our patience,—and in the end create such a distrust of the world, as makes us look up—and pray, Let me fall into thy hands, O God! but let me not fall into the hands of men.”*

SERMON XVI. P. 29.

CURIOSITY.

C U R I O S I T Y.

THE love of variety, or curiosity of seeing new things, which is the same, or at least a sister passion to it,—seems wove into the frame of every son and daughter of Adam; we usually speak of it as one of nature's levities, though planted within us for the solid purposes of carrying forwards the mind to fresh inquiry and knowledge: strip us of it, the mind (I fear) would doze for ever over the present page; and we should all of us rest at ease with such objects as presented themselves in the parish or province where we first drew breath.

It is to this spur, which is ever in our sides, that we owe the impatience of this desire for travelling: the passion is no way bad,—but as others are,—in its mismanagement or excess;—order it rightly, the advantages are worth the pursuit; the chief of which are—to learn the languages, the laws and customs, and understand the government and interest of other nations,—to acquire an urbanity and confidence
of

238 THE BEAUTIES OF STERNE.

of behaviour, and fit the mind more easily for conversation and discourse—to take us out of the company of our aunts and grandmothers, and from the track of nursery mistakes; and by shewing us new objects, or old ones in new lights, to reform our judgments—by tasting perpetually the varieties of nature, to know what *is good*—by observing the address and arts of men, to conceive what *is sincere*,—and by seeing the difference of so many various humours and manners,—to look into ourselves and form our own.

SERMON XX. P. 104.

I N J U R Y.

AN injury unanswered in course grows weary of itself, and dies away in a voluntary remorse.

In bad dispositions capable of no restraint but fear—it has a different effect—the silent digestion of one wrong provokes a second.

SERMON XVI. P. 24.

INSOLENCE.

I N S O L E N C E.

THE insolence of base minds in success is boundless; and would scarce admit of a comparison, did not they sometimes furnish us with one in the degrees of their objection when evil returns upon them—the same poor heart which excites ungenerous tempers to triumph over a fallen adversary, in some instances seems to exalt them above the point of courage, sinks them in others even below cowardice.—Not unlike some little particles of matter struck off from the surface of the dirt by sunshine—dance and sport there whilst it lasts—but the moment 'tis withdrawn—they fall down—for dust they are—and unto dust they will return—whilst firmer and larger bodies preserve the stations which nature has assigned them, subjected to laws which no change of weather can alter.

SERMON XVI. P. 25.

V I C E.

V I C E.

WE all of us talk so loud against vicious characters, and are so unanimous in our cry against them, that an unexperienced man, who only trusted his ears, would imagine the whole world was in an uproar about it, and that mankind were all associating together, to hunt vice utterly out of the world.—Shift the scene,—and let him behold the reception which vice meets with,—he will see the conduct and behaviour of the world towards it so opposite to their declarations,—he will find all he heard so contradicted by what he saw,—as to leave him in doubt which of his senses he is to trust,—or in which of the two cases mankind were really in earnest. Was there virtue enough in the world to make a general stand against this contradiction ;—that is,—was every one who deserved to be ill-spoken of—sure to be ill-looked on—too ; was it a certain consequence of the loss of a man's character,—to lose his friends,—to lose the advantages of his birth and fortune,—and thenceforth be universally shunned, universally slighted.—

Was

Was no quality a shelter against the indecours of the other sex; but was every woman without distinction,—who had justly forfeited her reputation,—from that moment was she sure to forfeit likewise all claim to civility and respect——

Or, in a word,—could it be established as a law in our ceremonial,—that wherever characters in either sex were become notorious,—it should be deemed infamous, either to pay or receive a visit from them, and that the door should be shut against them in all public places, till they had satisfied the world, by giving testimony of a better life.—A few such plain and honest maxims, faithfully put in practice,—would force us upon some degree of reformation. Till this is done, it avails little that we have no mercy upon them with our tongues, since they escape without feeling any other inconvenience.

We all cry out that the world is corrupt,—and I fear too justly;—but we never reflect what we have to thank for it, and that our open countenance of vice, which gives the lie to our private censures of it, is its chief protec-

tion and encouragement.—To those, however, who still believe that evil speaking is some terror to evil doers, one may answer, as a great man has done upon the occasion,—that after all our exhortations against it—it is not to be feared but that there will be evil speaking enough left in the world to chastise the guilty ;—and we may safely trust them to an ill-natured world, that there will be no failure of justice upon this score.—The passions of men are pretty severe executioners, and to them let us leave this ungrateful task ;—and rather ourselves endeavour to cultivate that more friendly one, recommended by the apostle,—of letting all bitterness, and wrath, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from us ;—of being kind to one another, —tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake forgave us.

SERMON XI. P. 225.

THE FILLE DE CHAMBRE.

PARIS.

I STOPP'D at the *Quai de Conti* in my return home, to purchase a set of *Shakespeare*.

The bookseller said he had not a set in the world—*Comment !* said I ; taking one up out of a set which lay upon the counter betwixt us —He said, they were sent him only to be got bound, and were to be sent back to *Versailles* in the morning to the Count de B****.

—And does the Count de B****, said I, read *Shakespeare* ? *C'est un Esprit fort* ; replied the bookseller. He loves *English* books ; and what is more to his honour, Monsieur, he loves the *English* too. You speak this so civilly, said I, that it is enough to oblige an *Englishman* to lay out a louis d'or or two at your shop—the book-feller made a bow, and was going to say something, when a young decent girl, of about twenty, who, by her air and dress, seemed to be *fille*

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de chambre to some devout woman of fashion, came into the shop and asked for *Les Egarements du Cœur & de l'Esprit*: the bookseller gave her the book directly; she pulled out a little green fatten purse run round with a riband of the same colour, and putting her finger and thumb into it, she took out the money and paid for it. As I had nothing more to stay me in the shop, we both walked out of the door together.

—And what have you to do, my dear, said I, with *The Wanderings of the Heart*, who scarce know yet you have one? nor, till love has first told you it, or some faithless shepherd, has made it ache, can'st thou ever be sure it is so.—*Le Dieu m'en garde!* said the girl.—With reason, said I,—for if it is a good one, 'tis a pity it should be stolen: 'tis a little treasure to thee, and gives a better air to your face, than if it was dressed out with pearls.

The young girl listened with a submissive attention, holding her fatten purse by its riband in her hand all the time.—'Tis a very small one, said I, taking hold of the bottom of it—she held it towards me—and there is very little in it, my dear, said I, but be as good as thou art handsome,

and

and heaven will fill it: I had a parcel of crowns in my hand to pay for *Shakespeare*; and as she had let go the purse entirely, I put a single one in; and tying up the riband in a bow-knot, returned it to her.

The young girl made me more an humble courtesy than a low one—it was one of those quiet, thankful sinkings where the spirit bows itself down—the body does no more than tell it. I never gave a girl a crown in my life which gave me half the pleasure.

My advice, my dear, would not have been worth a pin to you, said I, if I had not given this along with it: but now, when you see the crown, you will remember it—so do not, my dear, lay it out in ribands.

Upon my word, Sir, said the girl, earnestly, I am incapable—in saying which, as is usual in little bargains of honour, she gave me her hand—*En vérité, Monsieur, je mettrai cet argent apart*, said she.

When a virtuous convention is made betwixt man and woman, it sanctifies their most private

walks: so notwithstanding it was dusky, yet as both our roads lay the same way, we made no scruple of walking along the *Quai de Conti* together.

She made me a second courtesy in setting off, and before we got twenty yards from the door, as if she had not done enough before, she made a sort of a little stop to tell me again,—she thanked me.

It was a small tribute, I told her, which I could not avoid paying to virtue, and would not be mistaken in the person I had been rendering it to for the world—but I see innocence, my dear, in your face—and foul befall the man who ever lays a snare in its way!

The girl seemed affected some way or other with what I said—she gave a low sigh—I found I was not empowered to enquire at all after it—so said nothing more till I got to the corner of the *Rue de Nevers*, where we were to part.

—But is this the way, my dear, said I, to the *hotel de Modene*? she told me it was—or, that I might go by the *Rue de Guenegault*,
which

which was the next turn—Then I will go, my dear, by the *Rue de Guenegault*, said I, for two reasons; first I shall please myself, and next I shall give you the protection of my company as far on your way as I can. The girl was sensible I was civil—and said she wished the *hotel de Modene* was in the *Rue de St. Pierre*.—You live there? said I.—She told me she was *fille de chambre* to Madame R****—Good God! said I, it is the very lady for whom I have brought a letter from *Amiens*—The girl told me that Madam R****, she believed, expected a stranger with a letter, and was impatient to see him—so I desired the girl to present my compliments to Madam R****, and say I would certainly wait upon her in the morning.

We stood still at the corner of the *Rue de Nevers* whilst this passed—We then stopped a moment whilst she disposed of her *Egarements du Cœur*, &c. more commodiously than carrying them in her hand—they were two volumes; so I held the second for her whilst she put the first into her pocket; and then she held her pocket, and I put the other in after it.

It is sweet to feel by what fine spun threads our affections are drawn together.

We

We set off afresh, and as she took her third step, the girl put her hand within my arm—I was just bidding her—but she did it of herself, with that undeliberating simplicity, which shewed it was out of her head that she had never seen me before. For my own part, I felt the conviction of consanguinity so strongly, that I could not help turning half round to look in her face, and see if I could trace out any thing in it of a family likeness—Tut ! said I, are we not all relations ?

When we arrived at the turning up of the *Rue de Guenegault*, I stopped to bid her adieu for good and all : the girl would thank me again for my company and kindness—She bid me adieu twice—I repeated it as often ; and so cordial was the parting between us, that had it happened any where else, I'm not sure but I should have signed it with a kiss of charity, as warm and holy as an apostle.

But in *Paris*, as none kiss each other but the men—I did, what amounted to the same thing—

—I bid God bless her.

S. JOURNEY, PAGE 121.

CONTUMELY.

CONTUMELY.

HOW many may we observe every day, even of the gentler sex, as well as our own, who, without conviction of doing much wrong, in the midst of a full career of calumny and defamation rise up punctual at the stated hour of prayer, leave the cruel story half untold till they return,—go,—and kneel down before the throne of Heaven, thank God that he had not made them like others, and that his Holy Spirit had enabled them to perform the duties of the day, in so Christian and conscientious a manner!

This delusive itch for slander, too common in all ranks of people, whether to gratify a little ungenerous resentment:—whether oftener out of a principle of levelling, from a narrowness and poverty of soul, ever impatient of merit and superiority in others; whether a mean ambition, or the insatiate lust of being witty, (a talent in which ill-nature and malice are no ingredients;)—or, lastly, whether from a natural cruelty of disposition, abstracted from all views and considerations

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derations of self: to which one, or whether to all jointly, we are indebted for this contagious malady; thus much is certain, from whatever feeds it springs, the growth and progress of it are as destructive to, as they are unbecoming a civilized people. To pass a hard and ill-natured reflection, upon an undesigning action; to invent, or, which is equally bad, to propagate a vexatious report, without colour and grounds; to plunder an innocent man of his character and good name, a jewel which perhaps he has starved himself to purchase, and probably would hazard his life to secure; to rob him at the same time of his happiness and peace of mind; perhaps his bread,—the bread, may be, of a virtuous family; and all this as Solomon says of the madman, who casteth fire-brands, arrows, and death, and faith, Am I not in sport? all this out of wantonness, and oftener from worse motives; the whole appears such a complication of badness, as requires no words or warmth of fancy to aggravate. Pride, treachery, envy, hypocrisy, malice, cruelty, and self love, may have been said, in one shape or other to have occasioned all the frauds and mischiefs that ever happened in the world: but the chances against a coincidence of them all in one person are so many,

many, that one would have supposed the character of a common slanderer as rare and difficult a production in nature, as that of a great genius, which seldom happens above once in an age.

SERMON XI. P 226.

SEDUCTION.

HOW abandoned is that heart which bulges the tear of innocence, and is the cause—the fatal cause of overwhelming the spotless soul and plunging the yet-untainted mind into a sea of sorrow and repentance—Though born to protect the fair, does not man act the part of a Demon?—first alluring by his temptations, and then triumphing in his victory—when villainy gets the ascendancy it seldom leaves the wretch till it has thoroughly polluted him.

LETTER CXXIX.

SLANDER.

S L A N D E R.

HOW frequently is the honesty and integrity of a man disposed of, by a smile or a shrug:—how many good and generous actions have been sunk into oblivion, by a distrustful look, or stamp with the imputation of proceeding from bad motives, by a mysterious and seasonable whisper.

Look into companies of those whose gentle natures should disarm them, we shall find no better account.—How large a portion of chastity is sent out of the world by distant hints,—nodded away and cruelly winked into suspicion, by the envy of those who are past all temptation of it themselves? How often does the reputation of a helpless creature bleed by a report—which the party, who is at the pains to propagate it, beholds with much pity and fellow-feeling,—that she is heartily sorry for it,—hopes in God it is not true: however, as Archbishop Tillotson wittily observes upon it, is resolved, in the mean time, to give the report her pass, that at least it may have fair play to take its fortune in the world,—to be believed or not,

not, according to the charity of those into whose hands it shall happen to fall?

So fruitful is this vice in variety of expedients, to satiate as well as disguise itself. But if these smother weapons cut so sore,—what shall we say of open and unblushing scandal—subjected to no caution, tied down to no restraints?—If the one, like an arrow shot in the dark, does nevertheless so much secret mischief,—this, like the pestilence, which rageth at noon-day, sweeps all before it, levelling without distinction the good and the bad; a thousand fall beside it, and ten thousand on its right hand;—they fall—so rent and torn in this tender part of them, so unmercifully butchered, as sometimes never to recover either the wounds,——or the anguish of heart which they have occasioned.

But there is nothing so bad which will not admit of something to be said in its defence.

And here it may be ask'd,—whether the inconveniences and ill effects which the world feels, from the licentiousness of this practice—are not sufficiently counterbalanced by the real influence it has upon mens lives and conduct?—that if

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there was no evil-speaking in the world, thousands would be encouraged to do ill,—and would rush into many indecorums, like a horse into the battle,—were they sure to escape the tongues of men.

That if we take a general view of the world,—we shall find, that a great deal of virtue,—at least of the outward appearance of it,—is not so much from any fixed principle, as the terror of what the world will say,—and the liberty it will take upon the occasions we shall give.

That if we descend to particulars, numbers are every day taking more pains to be well spoken of, than what would actually enable them to live so as to deserve it.

That there are many of both sexes who can support life well enough without honour or chastity,—who, without reputation, (which is but the opinion which the world has of the matter), would hide their heads in shame, and sink down in utter despair of happiness.—No doubt the tongue is a weapon which does chastise many indecorums which the laws of men will not reach,—and keeps many in awe—whom conscience

science will not ;—and where the case is indisputably flagrant,—the speaking of it in such words as it deserves—scarce comes within the prohibition.—In many cases it is hard to express ourselves so as to fix a distinction betwixt opposite characters ;—and sometimes it may be as much a debt we owe to virtue, and as great a piece of justice to expose a vicious character, and paint it in its proper colours,—as it is to speak well of the deserving, and describe his particular virtues.—And, indeed, when we inflict this punishment upon the bad, merely out of principle, and without indulgencies to any private passion of our own,—it is a case which happens so seldom, that one might venture to except it.

SERMON XI. P. 220.

CHARITY TO ORPHANS.

THEY whom God hath blessed with the means,—and for whom he has done more, in blessing them likewise with a disposition ; have abundant reason to be thankful to him, as the Author of every good gift, for the measure

he hath bestowed to them of both : 'tis the refuge against the stormy wind and tempest, which he has planted in our hearts ; and the constant fluctuation of every thing in this world, forces all the sons and daughters of Adam to seek shelter under it by turns. Guard it by entails and settlements as we will, the most affluent plenty may be stripp'd, and find all its worldly comforts like so many withered leaves dropping from us ;—the crowns of princes may be shaken ; and the greatest that ever awed the world, have looked back and moralized upon the turn of the wheel.

'That which has happened to one, may happen to every man : and therefore that excellent rule of our SAVIOUR, in acts of benevolence, as well as every thing else, should govern us ; *that whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye also unto them.*

Hast thou ever laid upon the bed of languishing, or laboured under a distemper which threatened thy life ? Call to mind thy sorrowful and pensive spirit at that time, and say, What it was that made the thoughts of death so bitter : —If thou hast children,—I affirm it, the bitterness

ness of death lay there ! if unbrought up, and unprovided for, What will become of them ? Where will they find a friend when I am gone ? Who will stand up for them, and plead their cause against the wicked ?

—Blessed God ! to thee, who art a father to the fatherless, and husband to the widow,—I intrust them.

Hast thou ever sustained any considerable shock in thy fortune ? or, Has the scantiness of thy condition hurried thee into great straits, and brought thee almost to distraction ? Consider what was it that spread a table in that wilderness of thought,—who made thy cup to overflow ? Was it not a friend of consolation who stepped in, saw thee embarrassed with tender pledges of thy love, and the partner of thy cares,—took them under his protection ?—Heaven ! thou wilt reward him for it.—and freed thee from all the terrifying apprehensions of a parent's love.

—Hast thou—

—But how shall I ask a question which must bring tears into so many eyes ?—Hast thou

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ever been wounded in a more affecting manner still, by the loss of a most obliging friend,—or been torn away from the embraces of a dear and promising child by the stroke of death?—bitter remembrance! nature droops at it—but nature is the same in all conditions and lots of life.—A child thrust forth in an evil hour, without food, without raiment, bereft of instruction, and the means of its salvation, is a subject of more tender heart-aches, and will awaken every power of nature:—as we have felt for ourselves,—let us feel for CHRIST'S sake—let us feel for theirs.

SERMON XXIII. P. 164.

P R I D E.

O GOD! *what is man!—even a thing of nought*
—a poor, infirm, miserable, short-lived creature, that passes away like a shadow, and is hastening off the stage where the theatrical titles and distinctions, and the whole mask of pride which he has worn for a day will fall off, and leave him naked as a neglected slave. Send forth your imagination, I beseech you, to view
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the last scene of the greatest and proudest who ever awed and governed the world—See the empty vapour disappearing ! one of the arrows of mortality this moment sticks fast within him : see—it forces out his life, and freezes his blood and spirits.

Approach his bed of state——lift up the curtain——regard a moment with silence——

Are these cold hands and pale lips, all that are left of him who was canoniz'd by his own pride, or made a god of, by his flatterers ?

O my soul ! with what dreams hast thou been bewitched ? how hast thou been deluded by the objects thou has so eagerly grasped at ?

If this reflection from the natural imperfection of man, which he cannot remedy, does nevertheless strike a damp upon human pride, much more must the considerations do so, which arise from the wilful depravations of his nature.

Survey yourselves, a few moments in this light—behold a disobedient, ungrateful, untractable, and disorderly set of creatures, going
wrong

wrong seven times in a day,—acting sometimes every hour of it against your own convictions—your own interests, and the intentions of your God, who wills and proposes nothing but your happiness and prosperity——What reason does this view furnish you for pride? how many does it suggest to mortify and make you ashamed?——Well might the son of *Syrach* say in that farcassical remark of his upon it, *That pride was not made for man*——for some purposes, and for some particular beings, the passion might have been shaped—but not for him—fancy it where you will, 'tis no where so improper—'tis in no creature so unbecoming——

But why so cold an assent to so incontestable a truth?——Perhaps thou hast reasons to be proud:—for heaven's sake let us hear them—Thou hast the advantages of birth and title to boast of—or thou standest in the sunshine of court favour—or thou hast a large fortune—or great talents—or much learning—or nature has bestowed her graces upon thy person—speak—on which of these foundations hast thou raised this fanciful structure? Let us examine them.

Thou art well born:—then trust me, 'twill pollute no one drop of thy blood to be humble:
humility

humility calls no man down from his rank,—divests not princes of their titles; it is in life what the *clear obscure* is in painting; it makes the hero step forth in the canvas, and detaches his figure from the group in which he would otherwise stand confounded for ever.

If thou art rich—then shew the greatness of thy fortune—or what is better, the greatness of thy soul, in the meekness of thy conversation; condescend to men of low estate—support the distressed, and patronize the neglected.—Be great; but let it be in considering riches as they are, as *talents committed to an earthen vessel*—That thou art but the *receiver*,—and that to be obliged and to be vain too,—is but the old solecism of pride and beggary, which, though they often meet,—yet ever make but an absurd society.

If thou art powerful in interest, and standest deified by a servile tribe of dependants,—why shouldest thou be proud,—because they are hungry?—Scourge me such sycophants; they have turned the heads of thousands as well as thine—

But 'tis thy own dexterity and strength which have gained thee this eminence:—allow it; but
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art thou proud, that thou standest in a place where thou art the mark of one man's envy, another man's malice, or a third man's revenge, —where good men may be ready to suspect thee, and whence bad men will be ready to pull thee down? I would be proud of nothing that is uncertain: *Haman* was so, because he was admitted alone to queen *Esther's* banquet; and the distinction raised him, —but it was fifty cubits higher than he ever dream'd or thought of.

Let us pass on to the pretences of learning, &c. &c. If thou hast a little, thou wilt be proud of it in course: if thou hast much, and good sense along with it, there will be no reason to dispute against the passion: a beggarly parade of remnants is but a sorry object of pride at the best; —but more so, when we can cry out upon it, as the poor man did of his hatchet, —*Alas! master, for it was borrowed.**

It is treason to say the same of Beauty, —whatever we do of the arts and ornaments with which Pride is wont to set it off: the weakest minds

* II. Kings, 6 7.

minds are most caught with both; being ever glad to win attention and credit from small and slender accidents, through disability of purchasing them by better means.

SERMON XXIV. PAGE 182.

C R I T I C I S M.

HOW did *Garrick* speak the soliloquy last night?—Oh, against all rule, my lord,—most ungrammatically! betwixt the substantive and the adjective, which should agree together in *number*, *case*, and *gender*, he made a breach thus,—stopping, as if the point wanted settling;—and betwixt the nominative case, which your lordship knows should govern the verb, he suspended his voice in the epilogue a dozen times, three seconds and three fifths by a stop-watch, my lord, each time—Admirable grammarian!—But in suspending his voice—was the sense suspended likewise? did no expression of attitude or countenance fill up the chasm?—Was the eye silent? Did you narrowly look? I look'd only at the stop-watch, my lord.—Excellent observer!

And

And what of this new book the whole world makes such a rout about? Oh! 'tis out of all plumb, my lord,—quite an irregular thing!—not one of the angles at the four corners was a right angle.—I had my rule and compasses, &c. my lord, in my pocket!—Excellent critic!

—And for [the epick poem your lordship bid me look at—upon taking the length, breadth, height and depth of it, and trying them at home upon an exact scale of *Bossu's*—'tis out, my lord, in every one of its dimensions.—Admirable connoisseur!—And did you step in, to take a look at the grand picture in your way back—'Tis a melancholy daub! my lord; not one principal of the *pyramid* in any one group!—and what a price!—for there is nothing of the colouring of *Titian*—the expression of *Rubens*—the grace of *Raphael* the purity of *Dominichino*—the *corregiescity* of *Corregio*—the learning of *Poussin*—the airs of *Guido*—the taste of the *Carrachis*—or the Grand contour of *Angelo*.—Grant me patience, just Heaven!—Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrites may be
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the worst—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting!

I would go fifty miles on foot to kiss the hand of that man whose generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hands—be pleased he knows not why, and cares not wherefore.

T. SHANDY, VOL. II. P. 25.

EPITAPH ON A LADY.

COLUMNS and labour'd urns but vainly show
An idle scene of decorated woe.

The sweet Companion, and the friend sincere,
Need no mechanic help to force the tear.

In heart-felt numbers, never meant to shine,
'Twill flow eternal o'er a hearse like thine.

'Twill flow whilst gentle goodness has one friend,
Or kindred tempers have a tear to lend.

LETTER XLII.

DEATH-BED REPENTANCE.

WHEN the edge of appetite is worn down, and the spirits of youthful days are cooled, which hurried us on in a circle of pleasure and impertinence,—then, reason and reflection will have the weight which they deserve;—afflictions, or the bed of sickness, will supply the place of conscience;—and if they should fail,—old age will overtake us at last,—and shew us the past pursuits of life,—and force us to look upon them in their true point of view.—If there is any thing more to cast a cloud upon so melancholy a prospect as this shews us,—it is surely the difficulty and hazard of having all the work of the day to perform in the last hour;—of making an atonement to God when we have no sacrifice to offer him, but the dregs and infirmities of those days, when we could have no pleasure in them. Whatever stress some may lay upon it,—a death-bed repentance is but a weak and slender plank to trust our all upon.

SERMON XXXVII. P. 142.

HUMOURING

HUMOURING OF CERTAIN APPETITES.

TRAVELLERS on a business of the last and most important concern, may be allowed to please their eyes with the natural and artificial beauties of the country they are passing through, without reproach of forgetting the main errand they were sent upon;—and if they are not led out of their road by variety of prospects, edifices and ruins, would it not be a senseless piece of severity to shut their eyes against such gratifications?—*For who has required such service at their hands?*

SERMON XXXVII. P. 131.

INHUMANITY.

THERE is a secret shame which attends every act of inhumanity not to be conquered in the hardest natures.

Many a man will do a cruel act, who at the same time will blush to look you in the face, and is forced to turn aside before he can have a heart to execute his purpose.

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Inconsistent

Inconsistent creature that a man is ! who at that instant that he does what is wrong, is not able to withhold his testimony to what is good and praise-worthy.

SERMON III. P. 56.

JUDGMENT OF THE WORLD.

TO judge justly of the world,—we must stand at a due distance from it ;—which will discover to us the vanity of its riches and honours, in such true dimensions, as will engage us to behave ourselves towards them with moderation. —This is all that is wanting to make us wise and good ;—that we may be left to the full influence of religion ;—to which Christianity so far conduces, that it is the greatest blessing, the peculiar advantage we enjoy under its institution,—that it affords us not only the most excellent precepts of this kind, but also it shews us those precepts confirmed by most excellent examples.——A heathen philosopher may talk very elegantly about despising the world, and, like Seneca, may prescribe very ingenious rules to teach us an art he never exercised himself : —for all the while he was writing in praise of poverty, he was enjoying a great estate, and endeavouring

endeavouring to make it greater.—But if ever we hope to reduce those rules to practice, it must be by the help of religion.

SERMON XXXVI. P. 118.

S U I C I D E.

WHAT scripture and all civilized nations teach concerning the crime of taking away another man's life—is applicable to the wickedness of a man's attempting to bereave himself of his own.—He has no more right over it,—than over that of others:—and whatever false glosses have been put upon it by men of bad heads or bad hearts,—it is at the bottom a complication of cowardice, and wickedness, and weakness;—is one of the fatalest mistakes desperation can hurry a man into;—inconsistent with all the reasoning and religion of the world, and irreconcilable with that patience under afflictions,—that resignation and submission to the will of God in all straits, which is required of us. But if our calamities are brought upon ourselves by a man's own wickedness,—still has he less to urge,—least reason has he to renounce

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the protection of God—when he most stands in need of it, and of his mercy.

SERMON XXXV. P. 104

JUSTICE.

EVERY obstruction of the course of justice,—is a door opened to betray society, and bereave us of those blessings which it has in view. To stand up for the privileges of such places, is to invite men to sin with a bribe of impunity.—It is a strange way of doing honour to God, to screen actions which are a disgrace to humanity.

IB. P. 103.

REGULATION OF SPIRIT.

THE great business of man is the regulation of his spirit; the possession of such a frame and temper of mind, as will lead us peaceably through this world, and in the many weary stages of it, afford us, what we shall be sure to stand in need of,—*Rest unto our souls.*

Rest

Rest unto our souls!—'tis all we want—the end of all our wishes and pursuits: give us a prospect of this, we take the wings of the morning, and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth to have it in possession: we seek for it in titles, in riches and pleasures—climb up after it by ambition,—come down again and stoop for it by avarice,—try all extremes; still we are gone out of the way, nor is it, till after many miserable experiments, that we are convinced at last, we have been seeking every where for it, but where there is a prospect of finding it; and that is, within ourselves, in a meek and lowly disposition of heart. This, and this only, will give us rest unto our souls:—rest from those turbulent and haughty passions which disturb our quiet:—rest from the provocations and disappointments of the world, and a train of untold evils too long to be recounted, against all which this frame and preparation of mind is the best protection.

SERMON XXV. P. 189.

JUSTICE

JUSTICE AND HONESTY.

JUSTICE and honesty contribute very much towards all the faculties of the mind : I mean, that it clears up the understanding from that mist, which dark and crooked designs are apt to raise in it,—and that it keeps up a regularity in the affections, by suffering no lusts or *by ends* to disorder them.—That it likewise preserves the mind from all damps of grief and melancholy, which are the sure consequences of unjust actions ; and that by such an improvement of the faculties, it makes a man so much the abler to discern, and so much the more cheerful, active, and diligent to mind his business.—Light is sown for the righteous, says the prophet, and gladness for the upright in heart.

Secondly, let it be observed,—that in the continuance and course of a virtuous man's affairs, there is little probability of his falling into considerable disappointments or calamities ;—not only because guarded by the providence of God, but that honesty is in its own nature the freest from danger.

First,

First, because such a one lays no projects, which it is the interest of another to blast, and therefore needs no indirect methods or deceitful practices to secure his interest by undermining others.—The paths of virtue are plain and straight, so that the blind, persons of the meanest capacity, shall not err.—Dishonesty requires skill to conduct it, and as great art to conceal—what 'tis every one's interest to detect. And I think I need not remind you how oft it happens in attempts of this kind—where worldly men in haste to be rich, have over-run the only means to it,—and for want of laying their contrivances with proper cunning, or managing them with proper secrecy and advantage, have lost for ever, what they might have certainly secured with honesty and plain-dealing.—The general causes of the disappointments in their business, or of the unhappiness in their lives, lying but too manifestly in their own disorderly passions, which by attempting to carry them a shorter way to riches and honour, disappoint them of both for ever, and make plain their ruin is from themselves, and that they eat the fruits, which their own hands have watered and ripened.

SERMON XXVIII. P. 253.

APPLICATION

APPLICATION OF RICHES.

HOW God did intend them,—may as well be known from an appeal to your own hearts, and the inscription you shall read there,—as from any chapter and verse I might cite upon the subject. Let us then for a moment turn our eyes that way, and consider the traces which even the most insensible man may have proof of, from what we may perceive springing up within him from some casual act of generosity; and though this is a pleasure which properly belongs to the good, yet let him try the experiment;—let him comfort the captive, or cover the naked with a garment, and he will feel what is meant by that moral delight arising in the mind from the conscience of a humane action.

But to know it right, we must call upon the compassionate;—cruelty gives evidence unwillingly, and feels the pleasure but imperfectly; for this, like all other pleasures, is of a relative nature, and consequently the enjoyment of it, requires

requires some qualification in the faculty, as much as the enjoyment of any other good does:—there must be something antecedent in the disposition and temper which will render that good,—a good to that individual; otherwise, though 'tis true it may be possessed,—yet it never can be enjoyed.

SERMON XXIII. P. 162.

R E A S O N.

THE judgments of the more disinterested and impartial of us, receive no small tincture from our affections: we generally consult them in all the doubtful points, and it happens well if the matter in question is not almost settled before the arbitrator is called into the debate;—but in the more flagrant instances, where the passions govern the whole man, 'tis melancholy to see the office to which reason, the great prerogative of his nature, is reduced; serving the lower appetites in the dishonest drudgery of finding out arguments to justify the present pursuit.

To

To judge rightly of our own worth, we should retire a little from the world, to see its pleasures—and pains too, in their proper size and dimensions; this, no doubt, was the reason, *St. Paul*, when he intended to convert *Felix*, began his discourse upon the day of judgment, on purpose to take the heart from off this world and its pleasures, which dishonour the understanding so as to turn the wisest of men into fools and children.

SERMON XIX. P. 87.

MISFORTUNE AND CONSOLATION.

THERE is not an object in this world which God can be supposed to look down upon with greater pleasure, than that of a good man involved in misfortunes, surrounded on all sides with difficulties—yet cheerfully bearing up is head, and struggling against them with firmness and constancy of mind.—Certainly to our conceptions such objects must be truly engaging:—and the reason of so exalted an encomium from this hand, is easily to be guessed: no doubt the wisest of the heathen philosophers had found, from

from observation upon the life of man, that the many troubles and infirmities of his nature, the sicknesses, disappointments, sorrows, for the loss of children or property, with the numberless other calamities and cross accidents to which the life of man is subject, were in themselves so great ;—and so little solid comfort to be administered from the mere refinements of philosophy in such emergencies, that there was no virtue which required greater efforts, or which was found so difficult to be achieved upon moral principles ; upon moral principles—which had no foundation to sustain this great weight, which the infirmities of our nature laid upon it. And for this reason, 'tis observable, that there is no subject, upon which the moral writers of antiquity have exhausted so much of their eloquence, or where they have spent such time and pains, as in this of endeavouring to reconcile men to these evils. Infomuch, that from thence, in most modern languages, the patient enduring of affliction, has by degrees obtained the name of philosophy, and almost monopolized the word to itself, as if it was the chief end or compendium of all the wisdom which philosophy had to offer. And indeed, considering what lights they had, some of them wrote extremely well ; yet,

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as what they said proceeded more from the head than the heart, 'twas generally more calculated to silence a man in his troubles, than to convince and teach him how to bear them. And therefore however subtle and ingenious their arguments might appear in the reading, 'tis to be feared they lost much of their efficacy, when tried in the application. If a man was thrust back in the world by disappointments, or—as was Job's case—had suffered a sudden change in his fortunes, from an affluent condition was brought down by a train of cruel accidents, and pinched with poverty—philosophy would come in, and exhort him to stand his ground ; —it would tell him that the same greatness and strength of mind which enabled him to behave well in the days of his prosperity, should equally enable him to behave well in the days of his adversity ;—that it was the property of only weak and base spirits, who were insolent in the one, to be dejected and overthrown by the other ; whereas great and generous souls were at all times calm and equal.—As they enjoyed the advantages of life with indifference,—they were able to resign them with the same temper,—and consequently—were out of the reach of fortune. All which, however fine, and likely to satisfy
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the fancy of a man at ease, could convey but little consolation to a heart already pierced with sorrow ;—nor is it to be conceived how an unfortunate creature should any more receive relief from such a lecture, however just, than a man racked with an acute fit of the gout or stone, could be supposed to be set free from torture, by hearing from his physician a nice dissertation upon his case. The philosophic consolations in sickness, or in afflictions for the death of friends and kindred, were just as efficacious ;—and were rather in general to be considered as good sayings than good remedies.——So that, if a man was bereaved of a promising child, in whom all his hopes and expectations centered, —or a wife was left destitute to mourn the loss and protection of a kind and tender husband, *Seneca* or *Epictetus* would tell the pensive parent and disconsolate widow—that tears and lamentation for the dead were fruitless and absurd ; that to die was the necessary and unavoidable debt of nature ;—and as it could admit of no remedy—’twas impious and foolish to grieve and fret themselves upon it.

Upon such sage council, as well as many other lessons of the same stamp, the same reflection

tion might be applied, which is said to have been made by one of the Roman Emperors, to one who administered the same consolations to him, on a like occasion,—to whom, advising him to be comforted, and make himself easy, since the event had been brought about by a fatality, and could not be helped,—he replied, “That this was so far from lessening his trouble,—that it was the very circumstance which occasioned it.”—So that upon the whole—when the true value of these, and many more of their current arguments have been weighed and brought to the test,—one is led to doubt, whether the greatest part of their heroes, the most renowned for constancy, were not much more indebted to good nerves and spirits, or the natural happy frame of their tempers, for behaving well, than to any extraordinary helps, which they could be supposed to receive from their instructors. And therefore I should make no scruple to assert, that one such instance of patience and resignation as this, which the scripture gives us in the person of Job, not of one most pompously declaiming upon the contempt of pain and poverty, but of a man sunk in the lowest condition of humanity, to behold him when stripped of his estate,—his wealth, his friends,

friends, his children—cheerfully holding up his head, and entertaining his hard fortune with firmness and serenity;—and this, not from a stoical stupidity, but a just sense of God's providence, and a persuasion of his justice and goodness in all his dealings——Such an example, I say, as this, is of more universal use, speaks truer to the heart, than all the heroic precepts, which the pedantry of philosophy have to offer.

SERMON XV. P. 7.

THE END.

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